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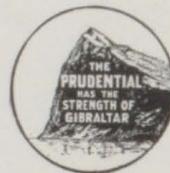
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CONTENTS

The Sea, by Helen Greenblat.....	9
Grit, by Leonard Uslander.....	9
The Scrub, by Joseph Harrison.....	14
Worse Than That, by Thomas Winerman.....	15
Calf Love, by Norma Ayres.....	18
May Temptations, by Dorothy Kraft.....	19
Ming Sing, by Bertha Knobloch.....	20
A Tale, by Jeanette Goldfine.....	22
Editorial, by Seymour A. Emmerglick.....	23
Class History.....	24
The Art of Early Rising, by Harold Heyman.....	25
Class of June 1924.....	26
Class Prophecy.....	27
When Nighthood Was the Hour.....	30
Athletics	35
Class Officers.....	37
School News.....	38
Senior Optimist Board.....	41
Senior Directory.....	43
Personals	66
The Yellow Press.....	85



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JOSEPH MARZEL**The Sea**

By Helen Greenblat

Wild and free, wild and free,
This is the song of the sea.
Hissing and churning,
Fantastic twirling,
Thunderous pounding,
Hysterical bounding,
This is a storm at the sea.

Jet and silver, jet and silver,
This is the moon and the sea.
Swaying and shim'ring,
Exotic glim'ring,
Soft silken glowing,
Black oily flowing,
This is a night at the sea.

Blue and gold, blue and gold,
This is the sun and the sea.
Brilliant and blinding,
Wantonly winding,
Superbly sweeping,
Laughing and leaping,
This is a day at the sea.

Cool and strong, cool and strong,
This is the touch of the sea.
Rushing and pressing,
Coolly caressing
Buoyantly lifting
Peacefully drifting,
This is the feel of the sea.

Grit

By Leonard Uslander

Civilization is the country of man; the wilderness, that country which has not been polluted by him, which has not come under his powerful control, is the country of God and God's creatures. Here is His temple of tall columns supporting a leafy roof sprinkled with blue heaven and fleecy clouds. Nature is His priestess and caretaker of His domains and her parishioners are four-footed or winged creatures who roam o'er the land living upon His bounty and goodness. Here, every night, the restless, roving wolf packs might be heard howling their praises to their bounteous Giver who shows His smiling face to them from the silvery moon.

On this particular moonlit night could be heard the terrible soul-racking howl of a lone wolf, an

outcast from his fellows and a hater of the civilization where he was reared.

Long before him his ancestors had roamed these very forests, leaders every one of them. His grandfather, Greywolf, was king of all the packs. Wherever they went he was in the lead. When they attacked some lone deer or stag he was the first to pounce upon the rearing, butting creature and close his mighty jaws upon the throat of the unlucky victim. He was an immense fellow standing every bit of 5 inches higher than any others of the pack. No other could approach him for strength, agility and endurance and he reigned with heartless fangs. Running along with that easy, tireless, loping movement characteristic of the canine family he would keep



well ahead of the rest and run them until their tongues lolled. Then he would give them a short respite and be off again looking and smelling all the time for the trail of some animal they might attack.

For a mate he took the pick of the females. A sturdy, ferocious slut who followed at his heels and fought at his side. When Greywolf became too old and weak to control the pack one of his sons, as big and tall as he, stepped into his place. He was called Huskie. He had to whip about half the pack before his supremacy was hammered into the heads of a few of the ambitious to rule. After that he settled into the same routine as his father. Huskie, also, picked his mate from among the best and things went on smoothly until one particularly hard winter the half-starved pack drifted nearer and nearer to the ever advancing boundaries of civilization. The smell of food to their sharpened appetites overpowered their sense of danger. That terrible man-smell was not strong enough to keep them away from a possible meal.

The rest of that winter they lived as best they could and when the first signs of spring came they found the picking so easy from the traps of the hunters that they hung about, always careful to keep just so far from detection yet near enough to rob the traps. They never could quite understand just how these steel jaws worked but they knew that they were very dangerous to the unwary.

But as cautious as he was Huskie was destined to feel the powerful grip of those jaws. While silently stalking some prey he put his foot into one of the hidden traps. The jaws came together with terrific force and broke the bone of his foot. He let out a blood curdling yell of pain and jumped straight into the air but he was jerked to the ground in the middle of his

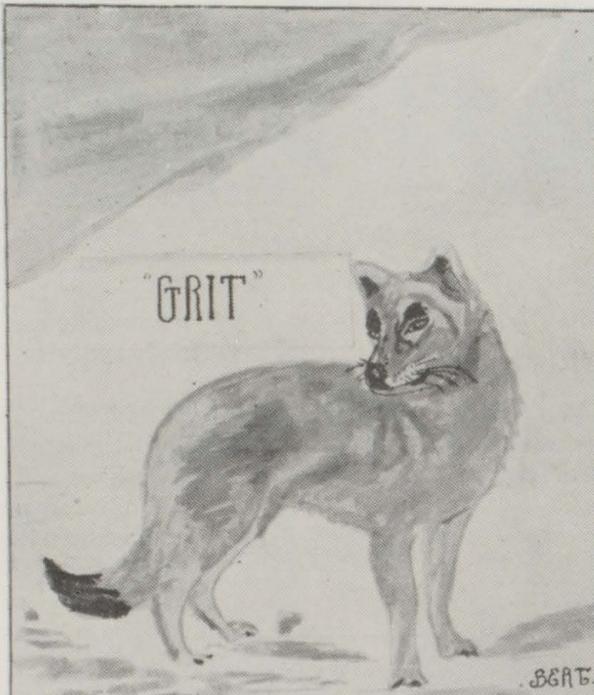
leap by the anchor on the trap. He tore, and snapped, and bit, and chewed, but all in vain. His fore paw, caught squarely in the trap felt like a lump of dead flesh yet only physical exhaustion made him stop lunging forward and he had already torn up half of the staple. His mate came looking for him and trotting at her heels was a chubby little fellow not yet old enough to chew a piece of meat. He paced his wobbly way along, head cocked on one side looking askance through wide, wondering eyes upon all this sunny world entirely oblivious of the shady side and all the pains and troubles that go with it. He saw his mother fall to biting and scratching at

the thing which held his father and sensing that this was some new heartless enemy he growled and bit and chewed also.

Suddenly all three stopped and sniffed the air. The young fellow smelled something entirely new to him. He did not know, like his parents, that this was the dreaded man-smell. He did realize it was a new and greater danger when his parents began to work harder and faster than before. Then happened something that changed the life of the pup entirely. A twig snapped and before any could turn,

a terrible bang split the silence and the she-wolf fell dead. A man stepped into the sunlight and Huskie turned handicapped as he was to meet his new foe; but again that flash and bang and he was beyond the reach of further pains.

The little fellow stood there a moment irresolute, then he bared his tiny fangs and growled as deep a growl as his little body could master. The big burly man chuckled, stepped forward and caught up the pup which bit and kicked and fought as hard as he could. The man handled him easily and started with him toward his cabin. The little beast was by turns frightened, amazed and angered at the treatment and hand-





ling of this huge upright being who carried him in his arms. This was his first experience with man and he did not like it.

Arrived at a low log cabin in the center of a large clearing the man tied one end of a rope around the neck of the wolf and the other around a stake driven in the ground. The man tried to pet him but the wolf bristled and growled and showed his fangs for all the world as if he could chew up this mountain of flesh in front of him. The man chuckled and admiring his nerve decided to call him Grit.

It took Grit a few days of starvation and longing to realize that he had better take what the man gave him. Somehow even tho this man did not harm him he did not like him. He sensed that his mother and father were no more and that this man with his lightning stick was mainly responsible for it. He grew larger and stronger with that same feeling in his mind and he grew to dislike the civilized smell of every thing around him. He had the pure wolf blood in him and at night when he heard the distant pack howling he longed to rush off and join them, to be free! to go and come as he pleased! But always he was kept in leash and as he got bigger and stronger the rope was made

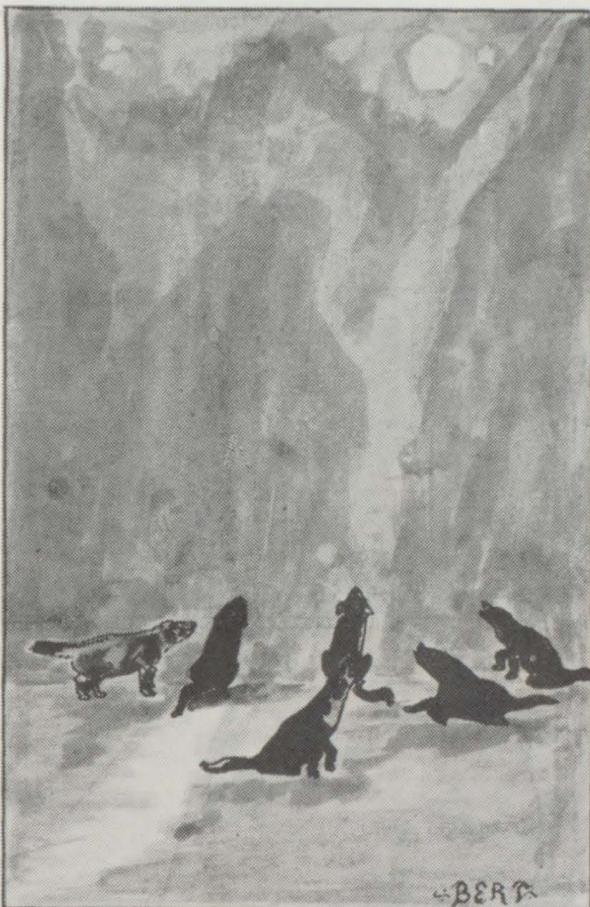
bigger and stronger until the man discarded it for a chain.

Grit saw very little of his master. Sometimes he would not come home for days and in such cases Grit was locked inside the cabin with enough food to eat and water to drink. And always his master would come sneaking back in the dead of the morning with many pelts and

furs. There was this sneakiness about the man that made Grit dislike him all the more and then again the man would never treat him over kindly. Grit knew that his fangs and his strength were all that saved him from a beating many times.

Grit grew even taller and more lithe than his father or grandfather. His coat was a silvery grey contrasted by a black spot over each eye and another on the end of his magnificently bushy tail.

Then came a day of restless waiting and a night with a big full moon. Grit could contain himself no longer, he had to get away from this stuffy place out into the open freedom. The climax came when he heard, far off, the first baying of the pack, the call of the wild! With one long leap he crashed through the cabin window carrying frame, glass and all with him. What cared he if he was cut around the head and shoulders, he was free! Free at last! With incredible speed he made straight for the place where he had heard the sound of the wolves come from. Then with startling suddenness he came into a large clearing and there on the other side loomed the black outlines of the pack. They stood there glaring at the intruder with eyes like saucers of fire. Grit bounded forward to greet them but an ominous growl warned him to stop. He was to them a thing of civilization, an outcast of the pack and they would not greet him as a friend. When Grit realized this he was angry and a deep-throated growl was the signal for the leader to step forward and do combat. Then there was a glorious battle! Flangs flashed,



. . . at night . . . he heard the distant pack howling



fur flew and blood ran. The pack sat in a circle about the fighters and eagerly watched. Over and over the combatants rolled, now one on top, now the other, now apart, now a quick dart in, a flash of fangs and rip of skin and a bound back again. Grit let out all his pent up feelings in that fight. He towered over the other like a Leviathan. It was all over in less time than it takes to tell it. Grit got a fatal hold upon the throat of his opponent and cut off the breath of life from his body. Then he was ready for the next but after that display they left him severely alone.

This is why the lone wolf howled at the moon. He howled and howled until dawn and then lonesome and hungry he started back for civilization.

But before reaching the cabin he ran across a new scent. It was the scent of man but there was something different about it which made him curious to investigate.

Tom Norton, age thirty, came north to escape the evils of civilization. An innocent victim of circumstances, he became an outcast of society, and made himself an outcast of civilization. He came to God's country because he loved it and he knew he would be free and away from the narrow-minded influences of man. He built his cabin on the farthest boundary of civilization and began to trap and hunt to distract his mind rather than for pleasure or material gain.

This morning he was absently inspecting his traps, thinking of the great wrong done him at home when he came face to face with an immense silvery wolf. His gun went to his shoulder while Grit crouched ready to spring. For a moment they eyed each other and then Tom

noticed the collar around the wolf's neck. It was a sign of civilization on a wild beast and the only thing that stopped Tom from shooting. Had it not been there my story would have been different.

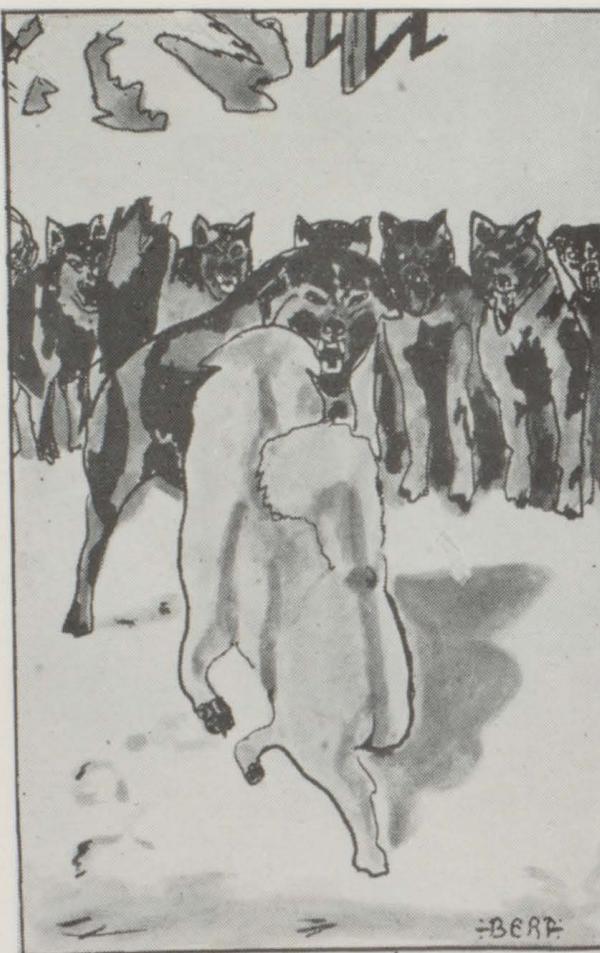
Here were two outcasts, two who had the same dislike for civilization. Why should they not be thrown together? Why should they not help each other by their companionship? "How did the wolf know of the man's likes and dislikes?" you ask. That is not for me to say. That

is a question which only the Watcher over such creatures can answer. I will but attempt to say that they *were* attracted to each other; that they *did* find companionship in each other and I can only tell you of how it ended.

One evening some time later, in his cheery little cabin sat Tom in a large and comfortable arm chair and at his feet lay Grit perfectly contented because his second taste of man was so much more pleasing than the first. Tom had given him the first bit of real kindness that he had ever known and the heart of the great wolf went out to him.

Tom got up and walked leisurely to the door. Grit followed him only with his eyes. Just to watch Tom was enough for him and Tom found in the wolf the one redeeming thing of the world. He opened the door and looked up at the ominous clouds hanging over the landscape. On the edge of the clearing could be seen the tall dark shapes of the trees standing out as black objects against a black setting.

The food and other things were stored in a cache not far from the cabin. Tom walked over there to see if everything was secure for the



Then there was a glorious battle . . . the pack sat and watched



night and the coming storm.

Grit waited a few minutes then decided to follow his master. He got up, stretched contentedly and sauntered out. As soon as he reached the open he scented something that was familiar to him. It was the man-smell again but this time the old one. He stopped and waited. Suddenly he heard sounds of a scuffle coming from the cache. He bounded forward and reached there just in time to see Tom get knocked over with the butt end of a revolver. Immediately his blood boiled within him. His old animal instinct rose in him. He turned upon his foe—his foe because he



He turned upon his foe

was his master's foe—and recognized the man who had taken away his father and mother. But strangely that did not anger him as much as the fact that this being had dared to harm his best friend. He saw red. He made a great bound for the throat of the man and reached it. The man desperately drove his long hunting knife into the wolf's back but Grit held on. He was living up to his name: Grit. The end came soon. This man who had harmed his friend and who had come to steal his friend's food and furs would strike no more.

Tom saw the whole thing. He was power-
(Con't on Page 78)

Fond Recollections of a Graduating Senior

By William Abramson

We entered here some years ago
As Freshies very green.
This place was very large and new
We just had to be keen.

When we were 1A's very proud,
The Freshies we did scorn.
The school we thought belonged to us
Each day from morn to morn.

As 2B's we did find our faults,
And studied in a rage,
As Caesar and his Gallic wars
Were covered page by page.

We took an active part in sports
When we were made 2A's;
Each game we learned with zest and zeal,
We had our special plays.

As jovial jolly juniors gay
We loved to fool and joke;
Eraser fights we often had,
A glass or so we broke.

Our jokes and fun were still retained
As 3A's we became.

Some time for work we always found,
And Physics we did tame.

Alas! Now see the seniors go,
Their chests thrown out in full.
As 4B's we did think ourselves
Privileged with a pull.

The looked-for time arrived at last
When senior A's were made.
Can we forget the times we've had
And pranks that we have played?

O, South Side High, it is the time
When we forever part.
We leave thee with a smiling cheer,
And with an aching heart.

The times we've had we'll ne'er forget
Thy knowledge we'll employ.
At any time or place at all
Thee, we'll praise with joy.

Farewell, farewell, farewell to thee
Dear old South Side High,
Cherished shall thy mem'ries be
And thou praised to the sky.



The Scrub

By Joseph Harrison

It was the beginning of the football season at Cliffside High School. All the boys had returned from their vacations, browned and hardy. In a few days practise would begin. They were all preparing for the coming season.

While walking about the campus, all I could hear was the buz-buz of the football team. The veterans were contemplating higher honors, while the scrubs were in high hopes of making the varsity. Scrub, did I say? What a harsh belittling word for one who does so much! My attention had been attracted last season by a lad who was known as Randolph. Tho only a scrub, and small of stature, pale and lean, he seemed to possess a fighting spirit that was unconquerable. It had been his first year out, and naturally new to the game he had received harsh treatment in the scrimmages. But he never quit. He was coming out this season.

Thursday I went down to watch the first practise. Few vacancies had been left on the varsity, so I recognized most of them, but many changes had appeared in the scrub line-up. There were new faces that would probably disappear after a few days of strenuous work. Randolph was in the scrub line-up, still as untiring as ever.

The next day, as I went down to the field I noticed that the scrubs had greatly reduced in number. Only eighteen remained, Randolph among them. He was playing left end with apparently much difficulty. Time after time he had to bear the brunt of the varsity's attack, but he met it with his "never say die" spirit.

I saw no more of Randolph until the week before the Prescott game. Prescott was the traditional enemy of Cliffside. A victory over Prescott was a sign of a successful season, therefore the team was being drilled strenuously. The Cliffside coach was working his team on a play attacking the left wing of the opponents' line. Play after play, Randolph had to stem the rush of the varsity backfield. What recuperative powers he possessed! If he faltered once the coach would growl, but when his work was of good order he received no praise. At the final work-out the coach was satisfied that there were no flaws in his offensive. His main threat, the attack on the left wing, had been perfected by con-

stant drilling. His backfield had received their experience by buffeting Randolph around the gridiron. The scrub's unceasing efforts had perfectly drilled the varsity how to attack the end. Confident, the team awaited the day of the game.

One would have thought the gods were interested in the game, for a more perfect day for football could not be desired. The cheer leaders were performing their antics, exacting deafening cheers from the throngs in the stand. Both teams came out to practise amidst roaring cheers. The captains met and selected their respective goals. The teams lined up.

A shrill whistle announced the beginning of the game. Prescott's punter got off a good one, but Cliffside's right-half returned it ten yards before he was downed. For the first period the teams marched back and forth, each feeling out the other. With the start of the second quarter, Prescott began to unmask a strong aerial attack, but Cliffside managed to hold its own, and the half ended with neither team scoring.

The second half began with Prescott again forcing the issue. Cliffside was evidently tiring but was capable of holding Prescott School scoreless.

The fourth period started with Cliffside having possession of the ball on its forty-yard line. Then came the surprise! Instead of just using a straight formation, the Cliffside backfield lined up for the attack on the left wing. The Prescott warriors, unprepared for this, were caught napping, and Cliffside, marched down the field until it reached Prescott's ten-yard line.

Randolph was watching this performance from the bench. There was an ironic smile on his lips. He had made this march possible, but what reward did he get? No one cheered for him, did they? But Randolph did not seek praise, for he knew in his own heart that he was just as important as any of the eleven men in the game. Two more rushes and Cliffside would cross the goal-line and the game would be won, but who would be happier than Randolph? He had done his share. No one will know it, but that does not matter. The scrub never gets any credit, and why should he receive any? He never gets in a game!



Doom

By Harold Hantman

Dark and dreary is the hour
Heaviness prevails
The sweat is rolling down my brow
And I do bite my nails.

Terribly my heart does pound,
And my four limbs do tremble.
I cannot see, I cannot think.
My wits I can't assemble.

Frightfully my eyes do bulge,
And I am in a swoon.
My head feels faint, my blood is cold
As I await my doom.

This no doubt to some of you
Seems not a state of rest
But the trouble is I tell you all.
I'm taking a Latin test.

Worse Than That

By Thomas Winerman

"Gee, how can a guy write a story without inspiration?"

The speaker was P. Aloysius Van Litt. His homely freckled face was clouded with vexation. Percy was a poor overworked student at the Off Side High School, and had, that day, been urgently requested by his English teacher, to write a short story for the Pessimist, the school paper. After school was over, he had hurried home to try to get an idea as to what it would be. To make matters worse it had started to rain, and he had almost ruined his brand new clothes.

"I know what! I'll look in some old magazine! Maybe I'll find some good ideas. They won't know the difference anyhow."

He began to glance thru the pages of an old year book.

"Perce-e-y! Percy, where are you?"

"Right here mom. I aint doin' nothin'."

"You come right down here, and take your wet hat off the coffee grinder," replied his mother indignantly, "you left your rubbers on the piano and tracked the house all up with those old magazines of yours, and I've just finished my spring cleaning, too."

"Aw gee, can't a fellow rest in peace without dying?"

"Percival! Such language! If your English teacher heard you now, she'd surely flunk you," cried his mother indignantly.

"Well I'm not in English class now," answered Percy grievously.

"You come right down here this instant, and do what I told you."

Percy descended. A half hour later, he was again busied thinking up some ideas. In a few minutes he had concentrated and was heading for a solution of his troubles.

Just then the doorbell rang. Again his mother's voice called out, "Percy, see who is at the door."

"Oh shucks," exclaimed Percy, "I wonder who's visiting us at this hour."

Again he descended, skipping four steps at a time—needless to say, this particular stunt had become a science to him (he had used this method, trying to rush down an "Up Stairway" before some teacher could stop him.)

Exactly one hour later, he was once more seated in his den, puzzling over the problem of writing an acceptable story. With him however, was his cousin and pal, Reggy Marmelade Ruff. He, like Percy, had the misfortune of having parents who believed in advertising their taste for English things. However the real burden fell upon the two boys who were "guyed" unceasingly by their classmates, because of their names. Reggy, at least, did not quite live up to his middle name, for far from being sour in disposition, he was quite good-natured and witty.

"Here's an old magazine, full of western stories, vintage of '59," said Percy, without looking up from the magazine.

"How do they start?" demanded Reggy, who had, in the short time that he had been here, taken up the responsibility of advising Percy as to a beginning for a good story. He fortunately had not been called upon to write a story, being in a different class.

"Most of them start about the same way: 'Bang! And another redskin bit the dust,'" Percy stated reading an extract from the magazine.

"That's no good," Reggy replied, "everyone knows that beginning. Why not start in where they are burying him?"



THE OPTIMIST



"C'mon quit cher kidden," Percy said impatiently, "you're enough to make a home-sick chinaman shave off his pig-tail."

"I've struck an idea," cried Reggy suddenly.

"Is it seriously hurt?" asked Percy in a voice which was far from anxious.

"Write a story on the subject of 'Not prepared,'" offered Reggy, ignoring the other's sarcasm, "you know a lot on that subject, don't you?"

Percy's face showed his disgust. "That's stale," he said, "we hear that in class every day, and I don't like those Boy Scout stories anyhow."

"This is different," interrupted Reggy, "my plan for the story is this." Thereupon he outlined the whole plan of the story to his friend. Percy's face began to clear a little.

"But what about the teacher," he protested, "what will she say to me—"

"She won't say anything, for you will have written a story, and besides you'll have all your classmates looking up to you for doing it."

The next day Percy arrived in school quite early. He excited much curiosity, because of a bundle that he carried under his arm.

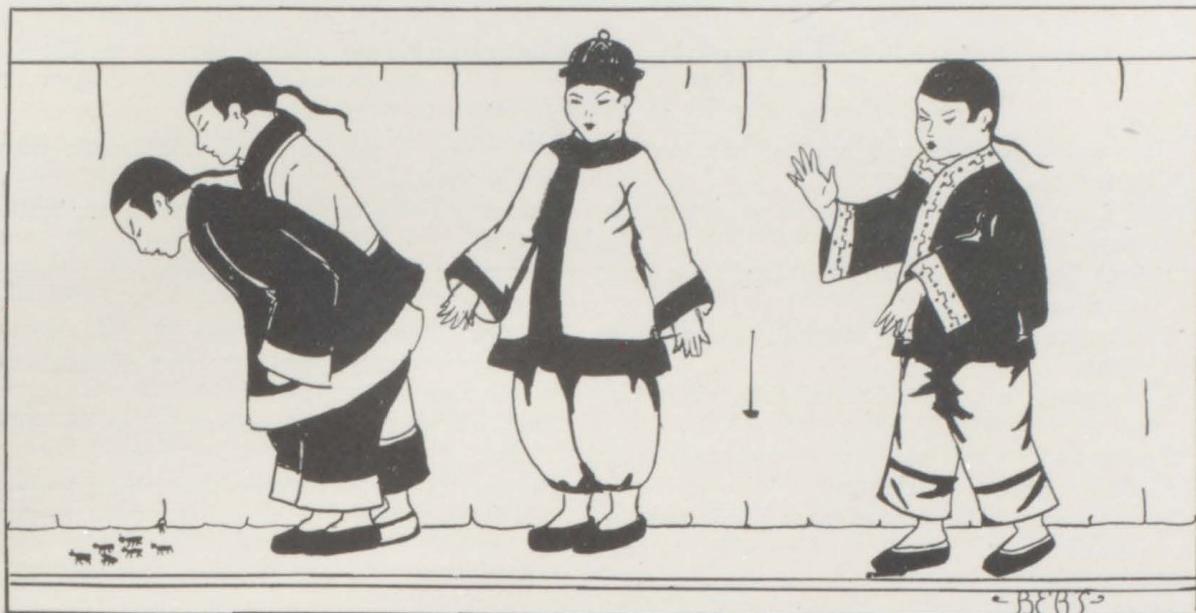
Percy waited until all the other pupils had handed in their stories. Then he walked up to the desk and handed the bundle to the teacher.

"What is this?" she demanded.

Percy winked at the rest of the pupils, and then replied, "That's my story."

The teacher began to get suspicious. "You sit down," she said to Percy, "I think I will read this story to the rest of the class." Then she began to read. "Once upon a time there was a large class of Japanese boys, who all studied under the same teacher. These boys were very smart, but among them was one boy who was smarter than all the rest. Naturally he was regarded as the leader. His name was Chop Suey. One day all the boys 'played hookey' and went to see a Mah Jong Game. When they returned to school the next day, the angry teacher asked Chop Suey what his excuse was for being absent. The boy replied, 'Most esteemed teacher, honorable sir, my excuse for being absent is very brief. As I was walking to school, I met an ant. This ant excited my curiosity so much that I followed it. This ant met another ant, which in turn met another ant, which in turn met another ant, which in turn met another





ant, which——”

“‘That will do,’ said the very angry teacher and turned to the next boy, whose handle was See Oh.

“‘Most kind hearted guardian, as I was cranking my tin jinriksha, in order that I might take my daily lesson with you, I saw Chop Suey walking with his eyes on the ground. I was very curious and thinking my most esteemed playmate was afflicted with the heat, followed him, fearing for his safety. I—’

“‘That will do,’ stuttered the now very, very angry teacher. ‘What is your excuse?’ A third boy, who answered to Just Hung, replied, ‘Most respected upholder of learning, as I was trying to impart to my pig-tail a Chinese Pompadour, I glanced out the window and saw my most esteemed classmate Chop Suey, walking with his eyes on the ground, followed by my most esteemed classmate See Oh, who also had his eyes on the ground. Thinking both of them

were batty, I followed them and—’ The teacher again interrupted and demanded of a fourth boy named Pim Pul, what his excuse was.

“‘Most beloved teacher, as I was walking to school, I saw my esteemed playmate Chop Suey, followed by my also most esteemed playmates See Oh and Just Hung, walking with their eyes upon the ground. Thinking they were all off their base, I followed—’

The English teacher stopped reading and hurriedly glanced thru the remaining seventy-nine pages. Her face became very red. “That is a very good story,” said she, “only I hope the other stories have a little more variety than this one. However I will give the class a study period because of it.” And she left the room.

However Percy’s elation was short-lived. The teacher showed how pleased she was with his story by giving him a five on his report card at the end of the month instead of a four.

A Farewell

By D. Kraft

Farewell to you, ye chosen few,
Ye blest of us who go;
Ye who feel a tinge of joy
And grief of parting know.

The hope that time will write your names
Upon the wall of fame,
And that your good will ne’er be stained
By aught of evil shame.

We pray the powers of right to guide
You all along the way,
And give you peaceful happiness
Unto the Judgment Day.



Thoughts of Graduation

By D. Dorothy Gann

- "How would you like to graduate," the teacher asked May,
"Oh! I get pretty things to wear on graduation day."
"I don't have to go school; I'm free from that time on,
"I can have a lovely time and lots of fun," said John.
"I," laughed Jane, "gets lots of gifts, oh just a load of things!"
"Books and lockets and candy and cake and flow'r's and several rings."
"It also means a lot to me 'cause I will make a speech.
"My subject is on freedom," said Lucille with a screech.
"I think it's fine to graduate 'cause I am really done
"It took me more than five years before I finally won!"
"Oh Gee! I am so glad too, now I'll get a job.
"I'll make a dandy plumber," cried the tall and laughing Rob.
"And I am glad to graduate," smiled pretty little Dot,
"Because I really know now, that I have learned a lot."

Calf Love

By Norma Ayres

John's mother was standing in the hall inspecting him carefully with eyes ready to detect any glaring deficiencies in his apparel. He was ready at last, after two hours' struggle, to go to the masquerade that had been talked about and looked forward to, for weeks. He had locked his bedroom door as he dressed, to keep out marauders in the form of mothers or sisters who teased him and called him Sonny. (Sonny, of all things, when he was sixteen going on seventeen already!)

His preparations had been many, and varied. He had even gone so far as to cold cream his face with one of the said sisters' beautifiers. All the time tho his thoughts had been straying to Betty, the belle of the younger set. John thought her the most beauteous creature who walked the earth. *She* was to be there and he wanted to make the best kind of an impression on her. After the tie over which he had pondered for ten minutes was finally arranged, he reluctantly opened his door to undergo the scrutiny of his mother's eyes.

After several changes had been made, Mrs. Scott put a camelia in her son's lapel and sent him off with a motherly kiss.

The minute he arrived at the house where the masquerade was being held he looked around for Tom, his best friend, an imp if there ever was one. However, he could find him nowhere. That was queer, since Tom had told him distinctly that he would be there and had said with a mischievous twinkle in his Irish blue eyes that he intended to have a pack of fun. At that piece

of information John had felt a shiver run down his spine because many, many times he had been the unwitting butt of Tom's joke.

Accordingly he walked carelessly, oh so carelessly! in the general direction of Betty, whom he had spotted at once, hoping that he was not attracting any attention. He hated to be kidded, and if any of his friends were to recognize him, his life would be anything but peaceful for days to come.

As he reached her side, the music started and John was able to get a dance with the adored one. The look in his eyes as he danced with her was unutterably silly, but he thought it languishing and hoped she did too. He whispered sweet nothings in her ear; all about her beautiful blue eyes, and her hair, and how terrifically good looking she was. Betty looked up at him then with an undeniable twinkle in the eyes he had just been eulogizing.

When the music stopped, he steered her awkwardly to a quiet corner and ensconced her in a big chair. Then he flew off for a glass of punch, which she had said in a husky whisper she wanted. Of course, he spilled a little on her gown and received a murderous look in return.

He talked on and on in a never-ending stream about nothing at all for two straight dances. At last, unable to stand it any longer, Betty danced away with a swain who had been hovering near for some time. As John sat there alone he noticed dangling from her rather bony wrist a fan exactly like the one that Tom's older sister, Louise, sported—supposed to be the only one of



THE OPTIMIST



its kind in Middletown. His eyes lighted up at the chance to tease Louise, who had never lost an opportunity to make fun of him.

He got up then and dashed madly into the crowd to snatch the prize from his rival. This accomplished, he finished the dance with her, not neglecting to say how downcast he had been when she had been carried away from him. He raved on in a mad sort of way about how sweet and true he thought she was. He told her that she appealed to the best that was in him, that he was considering stopping swearing and smoking. (This last was really very brave since he had smoked all of two cigarettes in his life and the habit was upon him!)

In fact during the evening he managed to give himself away completely and was thankful that none of his chums had been near to hear the things he had been saying. His heart almost stopped beating when he considered the awful things that would be said of him if they ever heard all he had said to Betty. He'd *have* to run away. That'd be all.

Finally the word came around that at eleven o'clock everybody was to unmask. John suddenly got cold feet. Suppose she was thinking that it was Edgar, the new boy in town, who was rushing her! She would be sadly disillusioned then at eleven and consequently disagreeable until time to go home. He felt an almost uncontrollable desire to leave then and there; but he stuck and at eleven o'clock—oh my!

When the hour struck it happened that John and Betty were sitting with five or six others in one corner of the room. He was surreptitiously holding her hand which she allowed him to do with a demure glance. Then she pulled her hand away and raised it slowly, slowly to the mask.

"Be still, my heart!" said John to himself in the anticipatory joy of seeing her face. He pulled his mask off with a snap as the elastic caught around his ear, never once taking his eyes from her.

Why, why—what was happening? Good Heavens above, wasn't that beautiful hair hers? For the fair curls seemed to be slightly awry and became more so as he watched. He glanced agonizedly around the little circle and saw the delighted eyes of the others. Ye Gods and Little Fishes! What could he do to save her from shame? Then before his tortured gaze the curls fell to the floor. The mask followed in its train and before him grinned Tom's impudent face.

The next day his mother caught him in the front hall with his suitcase all packed, ready to leave home!

May Temptations

By Dorothy Kraft

Oh, come with me,
'Tis the month of May.
Come, let us up
Away and away.

All nature's free,
You need not fear.
Come, follow me,
Can you hear, can you hear?

On silv'ry leaf
We'll float down stream
And when we're tired,
We'll lie and dream
In the arms of buttercup
Yellow and green.



We'll race with the breeze
O'er hill, o'er dale,
Laugh as we kiss
The daisies pale,
And tumble the hair
Of the maidens fair.

We'll hark to the music
In the evening song
Of robin redbreast
As he flies along.

We'll dance with the moonbeams
As pale they leap
A vigil 'til morn,
With the crickets keep.

And all will be joy
As we tarry there.
Come, let us away
From toil and care.



Ming Sing

By Bertha Knobloch

Ming Sing from the balcony of her father's house, watched dusk gather in the west, and hide the sky in its great dark cloak. The street lamps blinked like the eyes of night birds just awakening. As it grew darker, narrow open doors flung slanted yellow rays upon the pavement stones. The dim streets of Chinatown and the narrow alleyways were full of mystery and fascination for pretty Ming Sing.

In her dainty jacket and yellow silk trousers she was like a daffadil in the dusk. She sighed faintly, a little for loneliness; a little for the wonder of this mysterious world she lived in. Then suddenly she was aware that she was being watched. Slowly she turned her head toward the nearby balcony and met the eyes of a man, a young man. When their eyes met he smiled. Something stirred in Ming Sing's heart. She had never before been gazed upon by so strange a man. Her lips parted, words would not come—she flushed and turned her head away.

"Be not afraid, gentle one," he said softly. "We are neighbors and my father owns the store of antiques beneath us. You are the daughter of the honorable Hop Sing are you not?"

She knew that she should be silent, but after a moment's hesitation she spoke, with downcast eyes. "Yes, I am Ming Sing, daughter of Hop Sing."

He came to the edge of the balcony and said, "So, little flower, you are Ming Sing and I am Hai Lee."

Ming Sing raised her eyes—eyes of a dark

wondrous beauty. A smile played about her lips. She forgot to be shy and soon they became friends. They were both lonely; and soon in the odorous dusk, while mingled sounds from the streets came up to them, he told her of his life. His father, being rich, had sent him to college where he had progressed rapidly. All during his tale she had listened eagerly and he had enjoyed watching her.

"It is wonderful," she sighed when he had finished.

Thus for many nights they sat, enjoying each other's company, lovers from the first meeting and yet no such words ever passed between them. They spoke only of life, of school, of Chinatown.

Then one evening as they were sitting on the dimly lighted balcony, the stars twinkling above, he said, "Ming Sing, you find me not unpleasant to look upon? I have asked my father to ask your most esteemed father for your hand."

Hai Lee leaned across the balcony and slowly took the hand of Ming Sing into his. She raised her eyes, shining with happiness. Was it possi-

ble? It was not a dream? Hai Lee wanted her, Ming Sing for his wife.

"Yes Hai Lee," she replied, "if my reverend father permits it."

Something seemed to whisper to Ming Sing. Oh it could never be for had not her father already promised her to the wealthy Lee Lung. Ug! She hated that fat Lee Lung—but what could she do. Her father was in debt and to none other than Lee Lung. This she told to Hai Lee who told her not to worry. He would





find a way out and they would be happy.

Happiness came to her but not for long. The following day as she sat making her bridal jacket she was interrupted by the sneering voice of Lee Lung.

"Ah hah, my pretty flower, you prepare yourself. You are the Betrothed of Hai Lee? No,



no, not yet,—not while I, Lee Lung, live will you become the wife of Hai Lee. You forget the debt of your father. If he does not pay, you become my wife."

Ming Sing said not a word, but sewed on, with fingers num and cold, with pain in her

heart. Hop Sing entered the room. A gleam of hate entered his eyes, it was but for an instant. He too hated Lee Lung but he could do nothing. Lee Lung had him in his power. The two men passed into the next room. Still Ming Sing sat. She prayed that her father would have the money to pay; but it seemed from their voices as the sounds came from the next room that she would be sacrificed.

"Hai Lee," she cried to herself, "the Gods are against us."

Lee Lung and Hop Sing reentered the room where Ming Sing had been sewing.

"Remember Hop Sing, if you pay not your debt—I shall hold you to your bargain." With these words Lee Lung left the house.

"Ming Sing," her father said, "worry not, dear child, I shall find a way. Hai Lee is worth many times Lee Lung. Lee Lung is a thief, a murderer—and some day he shall get what he deserves."

Little knew Ming Sing how soon Lee Lung would get what he deserved.

That same evening, one that was never forgotten, Hai Lee and Ming Sing sat on the dimly lighted balcony. With many tears she told Hai Lee what had happened during the day. "Courage my beloved," he said, "do not despair."

The light from the corner street lamp flickered for an instant. The great Lee Lung, hated by all Chinatown for his evil ways, passed by the lamp, paused for a moment and looked up at the house of Hop Sing. A shadow quickly came out of a house, and a shot rang out—another, like a word of death. Lee Lung staggered, clutched his jacket and then fell to the pavement beyond all mortal help. Ming Sing uttered no word, but moved closer to Hai Lee. Both had seen all—yet who had committed this, was the question.

The police came and carried the dead body of Lee Lung away. His death was not mourned by anyone for Lee Lung had no friends. Who was guilty? No one knew. The people cared not to know who had dealt this blow, for Chinatown was rid of its meanest man, one who had been cruel to all and who had cared only to benefit himself.

The great day arrived and all were gay. Ming Sing, loved by all, was to marry Hai Lee. What happiness there was! The whole town came to the wedding. It was a gay one, yet the two lovers thought of the horrible scene that they had witnessed.

One evening as Ming Sing sat beside her
(Continued on Page 79)



A Tale

By Jeanette Goldfine

That was home—a dirty, smelly hole—a rut, where sunlight knew no welcome, where darkness reigned supreme, where deeds were done under the sheltering wings of night, where ingenious plots were designed, where brains were busy—always scheming, plotting to withhold at any cost that tiny, precious something—life! Yet, what was that life?—risks, escapes, sharp spying eyes, paralyzing fears, deaths, sorrows, short eager breaths of gladness, for these were creatures hated, scorned, hunted by the warmed, bright world.

Here, as in all places, was the eternal mother, and again that mother-love which considers not at all "self," but burns in an unquenchable flame of tender anxiety for helpless young ones. When little egoists know only that they must eat, mothers know only that they must seek. Thus, in profound blackness, while the good world slumbered peacefully, one of these hunted unhappy creatures ran forth, driven on by the power of her love. Eyes, so black, so weary; ever watched lest upright men appear, knowing well their utter mercilessness. A quick run! Stop! The sound of footsteps! No! What nonsense! Hungry mouths were waiting! A faint whimper reached her ears and she darted forth with new resolve and newly gathered strength. Onward, onward, ever onward she rushed, but barren and futile was her search—not one morsel was in sight! The thought came steadily in a regular beating-beating "They are young. They are helpless. They are hungry!"

Blacker grew the night and heavier grew her heart. What was she to do now? She cast half-mad, furtive glances about her. Love, hate, love, hate—the alternating emotions ruled her. There, there in that home slept untroubled, at ease, on soft downy pillows, one of those *good* men, those men of renown, of wealth, of prestige. There, children knew no want and mothers suffered not the sight of babies' hunger. She shivered, she waited; then she made her mad way into the house. There, by the side of a bed, she watched a soft, warm little body, a sleeping, tired, little boy. Gently, gently up and down rose and fell the chest of the child, his rounded cheek flushed with slumber. With sudden viciousness, she bit into the plump little leg overhanging the crib. His baby cries awoke the household, but she was gone. Swift and agile was her flight. Running, running, ever running—

suddenly she stopped! There—food! Her little ones will be fed. Quiveringly she snatched the piece and—snap! Well, at last they succeeded, those men from above. They got her this time. She struggled—she pulled—she pushed! The frenzy and fear of her little ones' welfare gave her a supreme bravery. With unbelievable force she tugged and pulled herself away, dragging her severed limb behind. Tightly she held on to that remnant of food and pulled her weakened body along the floor. Soon, soon will the hungry mouths be fed. With this thought she still crept along, leaving a trail of blood behind. Faint and fainter she became—but her mother's heart would not give in. Sapped of all strength at last, she fell into the hole of a home. The tiny ones quickly devoured the bit of nourishment. But the conscientious men had done their work, and well, and the brave little mother at last fell, her limb torn and bloody, her body tortured, but her soul appeased.

At that moment, in the great house of upright men, a little baby boy gave a last tortured whimper.

This—another strange tale in a world of mice and men.

Twenty Years After This Number

With Apologies to R. Southey

By Helen Greenblat

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he beside the trolley tracks
Was tuning in for fun,
And by him playing at casino
His little grandchild, Wilhelmino.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside his trolley tracks
In playing there had found,
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

"O that," said Kaspar with a sigh,
"'Tis some South Sider's skull;
The Seniors murdered The Optimist staff
In a slaughter terrible.
But what they fought each other for
Was in the Senior Optimist—May, 1924.



EDITORIAL

OKRASINSKI

SEYMOUR A. EMMERGLICK

In graduation issues of High School magazines, the editorial generally tells about the feelings of the departing class. In fact, this procedure is so prevalent that the exact emotions and feelings of joy and sorrow are familiar to every reader in the minutest detail. Hence there is no need for me to repeat these same ideas and thoughts.

Very soon after graduation most of us will go into an entirely different sphere of life. Some will continue in higher schools and the rest will undoubtedly go into business. No matter what you do or where you go after graduation you will be judged by the same standard. No matter where and how you start, this standard will never vary. And upon the result of this consideration, will rest your success in life.

In considering the qualities of a man, the first questions that arise in a person's mind are: How does he carry himself toward other men? Will he use his acquaintances as stepping stones to pecuniary success or will he be a true friend? Is he a male or is he a MAN?

It is very obvious that when such questions can be satisfactorily answered about a person, no obstacles or impediments such as racial differences, lack of exceptional ability, etc., can stand in the way of his success. Do not think, however, that success means great riches. A multi-

tude of friends and a clear conscience superabundantly supplant any deficiency or absence of money. This idea is not modern, for Solomon in all his glory knew that.

"Clean hands and a pure heart
Are more to be desired than gold;
Yea, than much fine gold."

With a clear conscience money is easily earned but never can a man gain the real friendship of his neighbors if he is sullied by dishonesty.

And after all, a man's success lies first in himself, and second, in his friends. He must have certain qualities to entitle him to a successful career. Then his friends will help bring these qualities to the view of the world. He may be called a self-made or a college-made man, but any one, who knows the fundamentals of a successful life, knows he is a friend-made man. Sincerity will make and hold friends. Hypocrisy will lose them.

But do not think that honesty and sincerity alone will make friends. A man's own character makes them. He must have certain requisites which make up his character. He must not take advantage of his opponent's weaknesses. He must not make excuses for his. He must not be a prig or a snob or a cad. He must fight courageously and openly. He must have honor. He must be a MAN and that in itself is success.

IN MEMORY OF

ROLAND C. HALLGRING

Oct. 9, 1907—Nov. 24, 1923

ABRAHAM MANKOFSKY

April 8, 1907—Sept. 10, 1923



Class History

The latter part of September, 1920, is a memorable date in the history of South Side, for on that day, the best class that South Side has ever known, the class of June, 1924, entered these halls of knowledge. Since we were 1B's we were, of course, treated in a manner that hardly suited our pride. Some of us were thrown into waste baskets, and others were kicked so hard in the place where it hurts the most, that they were unable to sit down for a week. But despite these extra curricula activities, our academic work was not neglected, and in our studies we learned all about puellae pulchrae, apollo, bacteria and xy. Thus matters stood until we became 1A's and we certainly looked down with benign superiority on the incoming youngsters. About this time Jimmy Pappas made his first appearance on the cinder path, and Red Stern scooped them up on the diamond. Those who were not so athletically inclined joined the different clubs and tried for positions on The Optimist.

Finally we emerged from our state of verdant Freshmanism into the glory of the haughty Sophomore. Here we became acquainted with Julius Caesar, Shakespeare, and other such afflictions. The Sophomore year was not marked by any unusual incidents, except that we were supremely happy that we were at last an integral part of the school and no longer Freshmen. Very naturally we did to the 1B's what had been done to us in similar circumstances.

Our second year ended and we became staid Juniors. At this stage of the game we struggled over Physics, trotted thru Cicero and dragged our weary brains thru Intermediate Algebra. The Junior year is generally the hardest of the four, so that it was not at all remarkable that the collective back of the class bent under the daily load of books.

Finally, after three years of toil, we reached our goal. We were at last Seniors. In 4B we learned how to conduct ourselves at a Senior dance and planned the wonderful things to be accomplished in 4A. In that exalted grade we had the best time of our four years. Class officers were elected, dances were run off, The Senior Optimist kept us busy, class treasurers came to torment us, and last but not least, there was a slight matter of examinations to be passed before we could hope to be numbered among South Side's alumni. All in all, our four years

at South Side have been well spent and happy.

It is now at the completion of our course, when we are on the threshold of greater things, that we can realize what South Side and South Side's teachers have done to prepare us for the future. And I need only say that the class of June, 1924, will always endeavor to fulfil the high ideals, inspired in it by four years happily and wisely spent at South Side.

It might here be well to give a short summary of what certain Seniors have done in school activities. Beginning with the language clubs, "Le Cercle Français" has on its rolls four members of our illustrious class, Sara Rosewater, Helen Greenblat, Nathan Cholodenko and Jacqueline Dolph. Nat was the French club's efficient Sergeant-at-Arms, while Sara and Helen have held the office of president and vice-president respectively. Jacqueline was in the cast of one of the French plays. The German club lays claim to but one important member of the class of June, 1924. Emmerglick is the enterprising young fellow who was elected president of the "Dutchmen" when the German club was reorganized for the first time since the war. And as further proof of his ability, he was re-elected.

Our only prominent member in dramatics was the class baby. Tom Winerman was quite a success in "Twelfth Night," for all he did was to sit on a stool and keep mum. Of course, there was no room for criticism of his acting. Everett O. Bauman, vice-president of the Chess and Checker Club, is this class's representative in that organization.

As to our musicians, Esther Van Moppes and Harold Hantman are generally recognized as the leaders of this class in musical circles. The Debating club has also claimed a few members from our ranks. Among the most famous are Helen Greenblat and Seymour Emmerglick. Helen is this term's vice-president, while Emmerglick was on the '23 debating team.

As to the Optimist, Emmerglick, the Senior Editor, was also the head of the regular periodical. He was aided in his efforts by Bauman, Menk, Chidnofsky, Kahn, Knobloch, and Friedman.

This concludes the sketch of Senior A's and tho some of the students never received any official recognition for what they have done, still it is students who have school spirit such as these who keep the wheels of the various organizations going.



The Art of Early Rising

By Harold Heyman

It was not so many years ago that I took all proverbs in good faith, but gradually, as I became more worldly wise, I cast aside some as being grossly untrue. The latest one to be branded with this stigma is, "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." And here's the reason:

Since the new term started, I've been getting up at 6:45, which necessitates my going to bed at 9:30. I am just comfortably settled, when I remember that I have forgotten to set the alarm. After walking across the cold floor to remedy this, I get back to bed, after stubbing my toe. I am just dozing off when I wonder if the alarm is "on" or "off"; get out of bed again, only to discover that it is properly set. Back to bed, swearing at my stupidity, and then lie awake the better part of an hour, wondering where I have picked up all those swear words. I am so wide awake by this time that I decide the only way to get to sleep is by counting sheep jumping a fence; have a hard time remembering what a sheep looks like, but am ready to begin ten minutes later; get up to sheep number 1326, when a number go over together, and I lose count. All this excitement has made me more wide awake than ever. Wonder what time it is: after guessing for a quarter of an hour, I get out of bed to look. It is two minutes past twelve. The thought comes that twelve hours hence I'll be in "chem," and in a flash, I remember that I've absolutely neglected to study this subject. Wonder what we had—cannot recall, so up again to see! Remember that we have "lab," and consequently, no home work. Back again—when will tests begin? Recollect we've been threatened with a history test tomorrow. What will it cover? Hope it is the Missouri Compromise. What were its terms? Quite forgotten, so must get up once more to investigate. Finally get to sleep, only to have the alarm ring five minutes later (or so it seems). It is pitch black outside, and I cannot see what I'm doing; get into my trousers back to front. Think I should have turned on the light—do so. Finally get dressed and go down stairs to make my breakfast. After burning the toast, and permitting the coffee to boil over, I discover it is quarter of eight, and so must be off without a mouthful of food.

Get to school at two minutes of eight; didn't study last night because I thought I'd do it before school began. Swear at myself. Re-

member I've got a study period. Pat myself on the back for fixing up so fine a schedule. Suddenly recall that the study period comes the sixth. Swear at the — fool in the office that made out the schedules.

Now: this proverb states clearly that if you go to bed early and get up early, you will be "healthy, wealthy, and wise," and I have demonstrated that altho I retire and arise early, I am neither healthy, since I do not have sufficient food or sleep, nor wise despite the many nocturnal hours devoted to thoughts of study. Ah, yes, but you are wealthy, says some advocate of this ingenious plan. But such is not the case. If you recollect, I leave my home without any breakfast, so when lunch period arrives, I am compelled to buy an added quantity of food to make up what I missed at breakfast. And there goes wealth! No, I am certainly not Croesus, Jr.

And there you have it. I followed the directions carefully, but obtained not the slightest sign of the desired results, and can you blame me if I invoke the gods to again place South Side on a sane basis?

Caught "Cutting"

By Selma Schwarz

(Thomas Hood's apologies are accepted)

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath.
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.

Look her up tenderly
Teacher, so rare.
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.

Give her detention.
Why the attention
When they do mention
Her name on the list?

For she was caught
After having "cut"
A class where they taught
The uses of "but."

Make no deep scrutiny
She was undutiful.
It was mere mutiny
But, wasn't it beautiful?



Class of June 1924



Class Prophecy

By Frank I. Burstein and Isadore H. Plain

Jan. 1, 1970.

Dear Sylvester: Gee! since you moved out to Jersey City, Newark has become duller than an oyster's hind teeth, and because of the lack of anything else to do, I'm going to grant your request to tell you about our former classmates. Well, here goes.

You remember that nice, little fellow, Teddy Hare, who used to be so good at figures, don't you? Well, he is putting his knowledge to a good use, since he became Ziegfeld's assistant. Teddy picks the stage hands. Our old friend, Saul Weinert, is also in the theatrical game. He stands outside Miner's Theatre and watches the autos of the patrons. I saw him the other day, when I went to see Selma Schwarz play the leading role in "The Shop Girl's Revenge," written by Charlotte Manshel.

Recently I read an article in the "Newark Nuisance," that Bob Whitehouse has discovered a use to which the North Pole can be put. He proposes that the pole be cut down and used for the making of clothes-pins; but that proposal is insignificant when you compare it to Harold Hantman's discovery that fish don't perspire. Harry Aronowitz, the authority on chickens and other animals, disagrees with Hantman. Aronowitz, in disproving Hantman's theory, says that if fish did perspire the ocean would overflow. Personally, I think Hantman's discovery will revolutionize the fur industry. Another of our classmates whose name will ring down thru the ages as a benefactor of mankind is Isadore Hodes, who, after fifteen years of hard work, discovered a wrinkle eradicator for prunes. I always said that boy would amount to something.

Gee! I guess if I write any more, they will charge extra postage for this letter.

Rabidly yours,

ALPHA.

P. S. I just got a postal card from Ben Cohen saying, "Enclosed find the five dollars I owe you." Can you beat it? He is a soda clerk in Petty's, and the girls just flock around his end of the counter. Talking about drug stores, it might interest you to know that Norma Greenfield won the prize offered by the "Sam Weintraub Peroxide Corp.," given to the most perfect blonde in Essex County. Ruth Brown, another classmate, came in second.

A.

Feb. 12, 1970.

Dear Sy: Since I last wrote you I had my two teeth pulled. No other than Dr. Howard Fischer pulled them, and oh! how he pulled. That husky six-footer put his knee on my chest and his hand in my mouth and out came the teeth. I didn't mind it, for his nurse, Beatrice Hilfman, was murmuring soothing words to me—say that baby blonde makes tooth pulling a pleasure. When I got out of Fischer's office, I was so weak that I took a taxi home. Felix Walker was driving it, and what a short change artist he turned out to be!

Just ran across Seymour Emmerglick the other day. He told me that Tom Winerman and he have taken over the control of the "Star-Eagle." Emmerglick appointed himself editor and made Winerman his assistant. They are going to hire Everett Bauman to run the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column and Helen Walzer and Mildred Luthy to conduct the Household page. Another former South Sider on the staff is Philip Sabel, who was appointed elevator operator. I told you that boy would rise in the world, didn't I?

Oh! how I envy Louis Menk! He is teaching physical education at Vassar and he writes me that three-quarters of the girls in his classes are waiting eagerly for Leap Year so they can propose to him. He has the cutest little mustache imaginable—regular Beau Brummel, with sky blue neckties and eyes. I think, however, his success is due to his tailor, David Goldman, who shakes a wicked thimble. Sara Rosewater, teacher of psychology at the same institution, says that Menk's hair reminds her of that famous classic, "All Over Nothing at All."

Today's mail brought me some very pleasant news, the announcement of the engagement of Jeanette Goldfine and Frank Burstein. I think they are ideally matched. Frank was a regular stage-door Johnnie until Janette tamed him. The chorus girls are losing their Santa Claus. Now, since my pen needs some ink—which I haven't got—I'm closing with a request that you send me ten dollars, as Joseph Harrison, my banker, is threatening to foreclose on my flivver if I don't pay the interest on the mortgage.

Financially yours,

ALPHA.



THE OPTIMIST



Feb. 22, 1970.

My Dear Sylver: I have so much news that if I don't put it right down I'll forget it. I suppose you know that two great Broadway stars are suing their husbands for divorce. Sure you guessed it. They're South Siders. Thelma Friedfeld is suing her husband, George Friedman, who is president of the Barber Union, and Mabel Cohen is suing Dr. Norman Levy. Some scandal, eh? Red Grabelsky and Jupe Goldberg have just opened a big drug store, and have as soda clerks Minnie Ball, Helen Gottlieb and Lillian Zimetbaum. Irv Binetsky, jockeying a Ford, came in first in a 440 handicap race with a handicap of 420 yards. After puncturing four tires, breaking the steering gear and burning out the bearings, he won. Isador H. Plain, the former chemistry shark, has discovered a way of making banana oil cheap. He says he got the idea while watching his wife, formerly Helen Greenblat, giving a lecture on "Why Girls Leave Home." Charlie Spitz and Red Stern are coaching the ping-pong team at Scatterville, "Barber's College," while Nick Brescia is teaching the undergraduate barbers how to cut a person without disfiguring him. George Chidnofsky and Sam Einhorn have started a firm of butchers. Yes, they're doctors. Jacqueline Dolph is still asking foolish questions, but this time at college. If you remember, she got her practise in the Vergil class.

After years of ambitious work, Harold Heyman and Elwood Smith are managers of delicatessen stores in the firms of Barth and Friedman. Gosh! I hear footsteps. That must be Joseph Korany, my tough landlord, coming to collect my rent—which I haven't got—so I better close this letter and door.

Hastily yours,

ALPHA.

P. S. The suit I am now wearing I purchased in the second-hand store run by the two Franks, Grammar and Fink. The saleslady that stuck me on the suit was Dot Gann. She can still talk faster than an adding machine. Now the light is growing low and my pen is running dry; so whether I like it or not, I must close. A.

July 4, 1970.

Dear Sylvester: In order to celebrate the holiday which comes this week, I took a trip to that summer resort, Sing-Sing on the Hudson.

The first thing I saw when I reached Sing-Sing was Eugene Buck and John McDonald in stripes, but the warden, Morris Barr, wouldn't let me speak to them, because they were in for

squeezing juice out of a rock. But I did speak to one of the guards, Arthur Duvage, who told me Buck and McDonald were mild compared to some of the women prisoners; Lea Loebel, Irene Krajewski and Mabel Olphin, for instance.

At the station I met four of the train crew, Milton Haase, the fireman; Warren Wilson, the engineer; Eddie Iversen, the brakeman, and Morris Lubin, the conductor. After the train started, I went into the smoking car and there I met Gertrude Tarchis, Pearl Cohen, Emily Schmuker, Gladys Easton and Mildred Schroeader—a regular rouge gallery—all smoking pipes.

When I got home, I found a letter notifying me that Esther Van Moppes had formed a jazz band with Carl Kress. Reada Siegler is business manager. Reada, you know, could always talk. Herbert Knitter and Herbert Rech, after their years of experience in the lunch room, have just opened their own ice cream emporium. William Gaekle, the radio shark, has invented a coilless wireless set. Quite a feat, eh? You remember Jimmie Pappas, don't you? Well, the poor fellow is all thru as a runner. He tried to run the home with Gertrude Sala, and when he gets out of the hospital maybe he'll realize it.

The other day I went down to Asbury Park, for a day, for the simple reason that I found a ticket good for one day only, in front of the station. While I was sitting on the sand, I saw a fellow in a scarlet bathing suit come along. He had embroidered over it the following inscription, "Handsome Hahn, the working girl's friend." Sure enough, it was Elvin Hahn. After a while I felt hungry, so I walked over to Newell Coe's "Incandescent Hot Dog Ranch," where I had a bite. Say, when I saw that Helen Muntrock and Norma Ayres were waitresses, my stomach leaped with joy, for I thought I would get away without paying, but nothing doing, for Yetta Feiman, the cashier, called George Geng, the bouncer, and I had to part with fifty cents. That put a dent in my wallet, so I stepped into the first hock shop I saw and proceeded to pawn my watch. I thought the pawn shop guy's voice sounded familiar, and when he pulled his beard out of the way, sure enough, it was Meyer Kravitz. He was so glad to see me that he called out his two apprentices, I. Kuskin and Will Abramson.

Did you know that Benj. Levy is a train conductor? I didn't know it until he tried to get my ticket from me. When the train pulled out a fellow came thru shouting, "Ice cream cones! Get 'em while they're hot." You guessed it! It was Arthur Burkhardt. Mary Inglin and Anita Rowe were on the train, so when Art saw them



THE OPTIMIST



he stopped to talk and in the meanwhile his wares melted away.

When we pulled into Newark, I boarded a trolley manned by Jacob Schoenholz and Arthur Collani.

It may, by the way, interest you to know that Sophie Hutt, president of the Teachers' Union, and Vice-President Eleanor Hubing are calling a strike. Among their supporters are Dorothy Bonda and Ruth Edge. But, talking about schools, Eleanor Kennedy has just received a prize for punctuality at Vassar. Not surprising when you come to think of how early she used to come to South Side.

Last night as Richard Nuffort and I were returning from the Prohibition Officers' Ball (we

were rather tipsy from partaking of too many nut sundaes), it seems we were making quite a bit of noise, for all of a sudden up rush Police-women Gussie Rauchbach and Mildred Werner and haul us in. So what do we do but engage Evelyn Tepperman as our counsel.

Talking about trouble, Leah Manhoff was around the other day soliciting subscriptions to the "Police Gazette." To get rid of her I told her to call next door, where Madeline Ehrich and Jennie Rabinowitz are living.

Ow! my wife, Bertha Knobloch, just asked me for money. I'm so upset I can't continue. So I remain, as May Maine, the economics teacher, would say, badly bent—your friend

ALPHA.

All Except Me

D. Dorothy Gann

Our Senior Prom comes off next week
My friends were asked, e'en Janet Beak, all
except me.
Our Senior Class went up the State
On a nice long trip to every lake—all except me.
Nobody knew their French today,
She called on no one, I must say—all except me.
This month my girl friends all have passed
They might graduate at last—all except me.
Everybody's bobbed their hair
Their parents didn't even care—all except me.
The girls all have such stunning clothes
Such hats and shoes and pretty hose—all ex-
cept me.
The whole Senior Class is really bright—
They can go out now, every night—all except me.
Just what is the matter here,
Are all the girls so very dear—all except me?
Yet Bob tells me 'most every time
That all the girls aren't worth a dime—all ex-
cept me.
He says the girls all rouge and paint,
And look at you—so you can faint—all except
me.
He said that he does like girls small,
The girls these days seem very tall—all ex-
cept me.
He told me girls should have long hair,
And all their necks look very bare—all except
me.
Cause girls always fret and pout,
Bob never takes young girls out—all except me.
He says he doesn't know one girl
Who doesn't smile and flirt and twirl—all ex-
cept me.
So I won't really worry, then,
And I won't have to say again—"all except me."

The Radio Bug

By Harold Hantman

I light the bulbs,
And turn the dial.
I listen close,
And wait awhile.

I watch the loop,
And fix the ground.
I twirl the knobs
And catch a sound

Just a minute,
What do I hear?
Harrison, China.
Or Salamandere?

Sh! It's coming,
Too soft and weak.
Something's the matter,
With my grid leak.

I test the batteries,
Both A and B,
To find out where
The trouble may be.

At last I hear it.
A symphonic band
It must be playing
In some distant land.

Ah! Now he's announcing
The voice from afar.
This is station
W O R



THE OPTIMIST



When Nighthood Was the Hour

An Uproar in Four Acts.

Herr Thomaso von Winnermann.

UPROARIOUS PERSONAE

The Count of No Account—ten oar
Sir Buckle, Knight of the Garter
Milady, his wife—soapranos
Knights of the Pool Table—all tones
Sir Loin, a tough guy—anytone
Sir Saturday, Knight of the Bath—burytone
Friday, his devoted varlet and a poor fish—bass
Chorus: maids, pages, men-at-arms, servants,
lords, and what not.

Accompanied by the Orchestra

ACT I, SCENE I

(Knights of the Pool Table are seated in full regalia. Their leader, Sir Loin, is standing cue in hand.)

Sir Loin: Knighties! We have not gathered here
Just to drink up all the beer.
Oh, no! It is quite far from that
We would discuss that loafer Sat.
The daily jousts will soon begin
I'll knock him for a hunk of tin
Now what I want you all to do
Is tell me what he did to you
Of course I have nought to complain
But sight of him gives me a pain.
Begin to tell me all your woes
Anything we say surely goes.
Let liars begin to say their pray'rs
They will be blasted in their chairs.

Sir Tax: Last week my wife collected his rent
The next day my poor nose was bent.
He is a wicked wretch you see
For he took it all out on me.
I move we get a husky rail
And make this wise guy take the trail.

(He sits down amid great applause.)

Sir Loin: Before we proceed in this affair
Why doesn't Sir Rene sit in his chair?
Sir Rene: Chief! An awful curse has come my way

So I must stand up for a year and a day

Sir Sat at shooting craps last night I beat

For revenge he put a tack on my seat,
Altho he is a hunk o' leather

I move we give him tar and feather.

(As Sir Rene finishes his memory gem, he is greeted with a shower of glycerin tears. Sir Rum arises and speaks.)

Sir Rum: What Sir Rene said took all my vim
I move we all stand up with him.

Sir Loin: The words you say are surely just
But it would ruin the Table Trust.
(To the rest)

We'll have Sir Rum begin his tale
I wonder why he looks so pale.

Sir Rum: That runt he surely did me dirt
He put a flea in my knight shirt.
We were matched together in Seattle
one night

I was too busy and lost the fight.
I move we take none of his sass
On him we can use lethal gas.

(He sits down and is also applauded: Sir Plus, the Poet Knight, is asked to speak and does so, accompanied by a lyre.)

Sir Plus: He gave me a crooked deal
And made me sick one night
Now when I eat a good meal
I lose my appetite.



*He gave me a crooked deal
And made me sick one night
Now when I eat a good meal
I lose my appetite*



THE OPTIMIST



Dark things appear in future dim
We surely must get rid of him.

(As he finishes, Sir Saturday, the innocent cause of all the trouble, enters with a number of his followers. Clouds appear on the horizon and for a time it looks like rain.)

Sir Saturday: I listened awhile to that sissy
While he said what he thought
of me
He knows not that he plays with
fire
By the way! Which one was the
lyre?

Sur Plus: Sir! Wouldst thou insult me thus?
And me the noble son of Plus.
I'd challenge thee to a duel
But I fight not with a mule
Tomorrow we will knock you dizzy
As sure as I own a Tin Lizzie
So take the hint and skip away
Before we change it for today.
If Countie will not let you hike
I think we'll all go out on strike.

Chorus of Knights: Tho one like you is brave as
ten
We do not want non-union
men.
We'll fight you till we all do
drop
For we must stand for a
closed shop
As Plus just said you'd best
be gone
A train will leave at early
morn.

Sir Saturday: You're all a bunch of green Hay-
seeds
I could even sell you a stock of
beads.
If Sir Plus is afraid to fight
His champion will make it right
So let him name that worthy one
That justice might quickly be
done
Besides just making him repent
I'll practise for the tournament.

ACT I, SCENE II

(Two hours later, Eastern Standard Time. Courtyard of the Castle. Regulation ring is laid out in preparation for the bout between Sir Saturday and the champion of Sir Plus. The contestants climb into the ring from opposite directions, and the referee announces to an audience made up entirely of knights.)

Referee: Friends! Romans! Upholders of the
right
I wish to announce a fierce grudge
fight
Between Sir Sat, the Prince St. Tartar,

And Sir Buckle, knight of the Garter.
The latter chosen champion
To Plus the fighting Irishman.
The rules they be not hard to read
But wo be he who fails to heed
That kicking, biting, hitting in a clinch
Makes one a candidate for a grand
lynch.

The bout will go till one that wins
Is found left standing on his pins.
It will start when bells are rung
The loser never will be hung.

(At this the two contestants advance to meet each other, but are stopped by the appearance of the Count of No Account, their master, who is very indignant over their contemplated fight. The other Knights disappear to give the count plenty of room, as the stage is now overcrowded.)

The Count: War Dogs! Are ye about to do
Something that ye would always
rue?

If ye will have your fight right now
The winner shall regret I vow.
Tomorrow's tickets are all sold out
We'll make this fight the leading
bout

And when the gate receipts are in
A goodly share for one to win.
The winner will get all the loot
The loser a big wooden suit.
So save your pep for the next joust
While I go get the show a boost.

(Exit the Count with Sir Saturday. Enter the knights of the Pool Table.)

Sir Buckle: Altho I'm but a visitor
I think I have been treated raw.
In trying to settle a gentleman's
quarrel

They mistook me for a professional
I think I'll give that Sat some rights
Then I'll join the Arabian Knights.

Chorus of Knights: Sir, we sympathize with you
With Countie also we are
thru

His life's not worth a broken
plate

He's nothing but an old
cheap skate

If you will give that Sat a
smack,

We'll make you the Royal
Hat rack.

We'll fight no more in this
old grotto

Live and let live will be our

motto.

(Exit the knights with Sir Buckle in their
midst.)



THE OPTIMIST



ACT II, SCENE I

(Enter the Count, followed by his wife and the rest of the royal Cake Eaters, who after taking one good look at the sympathetic audience, go out by most convenient exit, leaving Count all by his lonesome.)

The Count: Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! T'was a merry day

I think to my cellar I will away
And there surrounded by my private stock

This beastly prohibition I will mock
That pest Sir Buckle is gone for good

Six feet underground encased in wood.

(Exit the Count; Sir Saturday steps out from behind curtain.)

Sir Saturday: 'Twas jolly news I just did hear
Like the midnight ride of Paul Revere

I know a means to profit by it
If Countie did hear he'd take a fit.

(To his Varlet Friday)

Ho Varlet! Hie thee for a can opener.

SIR SATURDAY,
KNIGHT OF THE
BATH



HO VARLET! HIE THEE FOR A CAN
OPENER
THIS ARMOR FEELS LIKE A COAT
OF FUR

This armor feels like a coat of fur.
Also take this awful sword
While I spy on the old count's hoard.

(Exit Sir Saturday and his Varlet. Enter Chorus.)

Chorus: The jousts today were not so good
The knights fell down like blocks of wood

Before the sword of that noble freak
Who by the way is quite some sheik
Which is proved by the glances fair
Bestowed 'pon him by maidens there.
But none outdid the old count's wife
Who presented the knight with a rusty fife.

(Chorus slyly moves towards its respective exits still singing.)

All this smelleth of a plot
What about we knoweth not.
Now to our tasks we must away
Or the Count will give us the Grand Good Day.

(After singing their piece, the Chorus flits away.)

END OF ACT II

(Note—Orchestra should flare up at this moment to keep the audience bewildered as to what the thing is about. They can play anything at all if they wish, even the Polish National Anthem. This will also increase the importance of the Orchestra.)

ACT III, SCENE I

(One of the ante-rooms of the castle. Two exits are all that are necessary in this scene, but one more will come in handy. Note—Ante-room is a place where they play Sky Limit Poker.)

(Enter the Count's wife, followed by Sir Saturday.)

Milady: Sir, you certainly have a crust;
I think you in the eye I'll bust.
Don't you see I'm the old Count's wife?
If he got wise he'd take your life.

Sir Saturday: But, my dear, if I have you right,
'Twas a case of love at first sight.
Fly with me away to Spain
With the old guy's hoard we'll there remain.

Its riches will make me the king
And to you I'll give a celluloid ring.

Milady: Sat, I swear by my little shoe
I think you are a bit cuckoo
But just to prove I'm not a vamp
Your spirits I will try to damp.
If you would win my tender regard
You must do a task real hard.



THE OPTIMIST



To the Holy Land you must go
(Where it is I do not know)
And win for me the Sultan's locket
Also be sure you do not hock it.
If this task you fail to do
With you I surely will be thru.

Sir Saturday: My love your wishes shall be done
To return without it I should shun.

But before I leave I must receive
Some token of your regard for me.

A brunette lock, a well worn sock
Anything I in need can hock.

Milady: If that's the case you must unwrap
All such thoughts from thy noble map.
To thee I'll give a vanity case
That thou next to thy heart can place
Don't lose it for it's worth five yen
Farewell my boob till we meet again.

(Exit Milady, Sir Saturday commences wearing out the stage carpet.)

(Enter Friday.)

SCENE II

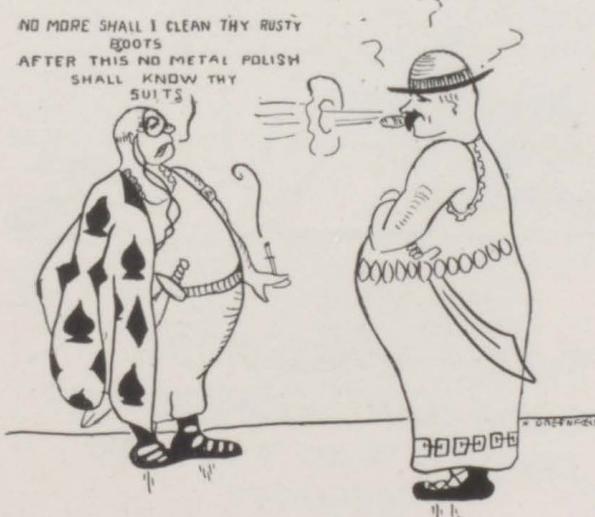
Sir Saturday: (Perceiving him) Ho! Varlet!
What do ye here?

Take from thy face that ghastly leer.

Friday: Sir Knight! my fair name you have blighted

For was I not now just knighted?
The count hearing of your treachery
In need of an avenger hath chosen me.
No more shall I clean thy rusty boots
After this no metal polish shall know thy suits.

So be on guard and prepare to die,
No Friday ever told a lie.



Sir Saturday: (Contemptuously)
Rogue! I hesitate to cheat the gallows thus
But when I am thru you'll be the Wreck o' th' Hesperus.

(Draws his stiletto and advances towards Sir Friday, who has also drawn his and calmly stands ready for battle.)

Sir Friday: I know not what you regard your tools

I hope you fight by Marquis of Queensbury Rules.

(They fight, causing great commotion; Sir Saturday jabs a wicked right with his trusty blackjack, which lands on Sir Friday's dome and for some mysterious reason breaks in pieces. The guards and servants rush in, hearing the commotion, but the knight of the Bath escapes. Sir Friday goes out staggering.)

(Sub Note—During the battle, orchestra should play something very exciting such as Lead Kindly Light, etc.)

Chorus:

(Duet between ten oar guardsmen and a mezzo soprano chambermaid with Chorus.)

Guardsman: As the plot hath thickened

Chambermaid: The characters have sickened

Both: Until there is very little left to say.

Chorus: To our various posts we must fly

And we must bid you all good-by

For until the next act is over

We'll be as silent as the clover.

We all have something else to do

Or we would get the Grand Bazoo.

So we pray you not to fall asleep

Until again we make you creep.

(Exit all rather hurriedly.)

INTERMISSION

ACT III, SCENE I

(Great dining hall of the castle. There should be a raised platform at one end, built specially for the nobility to teach their servants the gentle art of table manners. When curtain rises, Sir Friday should be sitting at the long table on the platform eating, with a host of servants waiting on him.)

Sir Friday: 'Tis fifteen days since the battle royal
That I haven't heard the Countie's Oil.

His wife to show her face hath feared

While Countie from his cellar hath not appeared.

Myself fares very badly here

To wear this armor costs one dear.

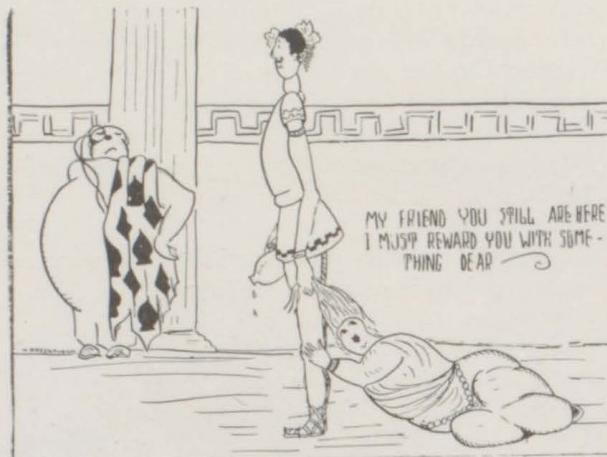
This bally iron to me hath



THE OPTIMIST



The feeling of a Turkish Bath.
I would I had my other job
Trying to comb Sir Saturday's
knob. (1)
The other day I drank some rum (2)
That had straight from the barber's
come
It was bought for Milady's hair
To fix it so it might look fair.
Just now I had some lemonade cold
That was meant for the finger
bowl. (3)
To sum it up I'm positive
That I here much longer cannot live.
If fate gives me another jab
I will leave this world so drab.



ACT III SCENE II

(Sir Friday is still sitting mournfully in the same place he was in the last scene, only the servants have disappeared. Note—Servants like Cops are never around when wanted.)

Ten oar—Bass Solo

(Enter the Count staggering, dragging his wife in by the hair.)

The Count: Ha! Ha! My friend you still are here

I must reward you with something dear

Behold! My wife I'd give to you
If you knew what Shake-the-Beer
knew

When he wrote "Taming o' the
Shrew."

Sir Friday: (Desperately) Milord, I'd not be able to stand the pace—

(Note—For benefit of 1B's.)

(1) Afghanistan for Bean.

(2) Bay Rum.

(3) In the good old days when knights were bold

This word used to rhyme with cold.

The Count: (Sternly) Look not a gift horse in the face.

Sir Friday: (Frantically) Better men than me have died
I think I'll commit suicide.

(Grabs up a rubber dagger and quickly stabs himself twice between his arm and his body, then falls to the floor stone dead. Count also falls down dead—drunk. The chorus rush to the front of the stage, each trying to get ahead of the others.)

CURTAIN—GRAND FINALE

Chorus: He lived and died like Joan of Ark
And so we'll bury him in a park.
His funeral shall be performed right
His coffin shall be nailed up tight
We'll put a statue on his frame
So he cannot get up again.

FINAL CURTAIN

(Note—Curtain should be made of imperishable material. Efficient curtain tenders should be hired, so that actors' costumes will not be spoiled because of slow lowering of the curtain the minute the uproar is over. Orchestra should play dying strains of the Chorus and then run for their lives.)

(Note to the musical director—if your Orchestra is of sturdy stock and the audience, in your opinion, is musically inclined, it would be a good idea to play Beethoven's n'th Sympathy after the uproar.





Woodward

PLEASE LINGER AWHILE

Teams Will Be Broken Up

Looking over the list of the graduating class, we see a number of boys inclined toward athletics whom we shall surely miss next year in all sports. However, we are glad to think that these same ones will distinguish themselves in schools higher up and in such a way as to reflect glory on South Side.

The first, without a doubt, is James Pappas. He has acquired a number of records that would satisfy any sport-loving boy. At the present, he holds two city records—the hundred-yard dash and the running high jump; also the New Jersey State record for the seventy-yard dash and many outdoor records, such as the Columbia record for the hundred-yard dash and the New Jersey Central Interscholastic Meet records for the seventy and one hundred-yard dash. Outside of these, we have yet to see any one in New Jersey beat the South Side flash in the hundred-yard dash.

Jimmie also played one season on the football team, making his letter. He was the fastest boy in a football suit South Side had and once Jimmie got started, nobody could catch him. Due to his frail constitution however, Jimmie's health did not permit him to finish the season. We are inclined to believe that if Jimmie goes to Princeton, as he intends, he will make a name there for himself that surely will bring credit to South Side.

The next is Ira Kahn, the diminutive quarterback who has played two years 'varsity football in the clean straight-forward way that characterizes him. He furnishes South Side an example of grit that may be equaled but never

excelled. Last year on the gridiron it was not hard to put his body out of commission, so to speak, but never the indomitable spirit of "Ike" Kahn. Time and time again he would get up, tho hurt badly and lead his team to victory. It was this unconquerable spirit that showed itself in the playing of our men and in our victories against apparently unbeatable teams.

The third man on the list, tho we do not place them in higher or lower standing, is Lester "Red" Stern. Perhaps not all of us recall the Central-South Side game the year before last when South Side was conceded as much chance, not to beat Central but even to hold them, as Center College to beat Harvard. Led by "Red," our team went into that game like the tigers they were and inspired by his fierce spirit, they accomplished the unthought of miracle of holding Central to a nothing-nothing score. The splendid tackling of "Red" saved us a few times from ignominious defeat and his head work pulled us out of dangerous situations.

"Red" also played baseball and he sure could step around in left field. He was very fast and a sure fielder, with a fast throw. He pitched sometimes for our team, too.

Lester was a good man on the track team. In the dashes we could rely upon him to score a few points to the credit of South Side.

There is Tod Harrison, a three-sport man. Tho quite new at baseball, he made the varsity team as pitcher, his first year. He was there with the hitting when we needed it, too.

On the football team Tod played end thruout the season until the East Side game when a sudden complication set in his knee which forced him to give up football and also high-jumping in which he was our best man.

Spitz played baseball and football and starred

Editors

HYMAN GOLDBERG
JEROME GOLDSTEIN
STANLEY MCINTYRE
HOWARD NEWMARK
SAMUEL WILDER



in both. On the gridiron, he was a sure tackler, a good receiver on forward passes and on the offense he always got his man. On the defense, not many plays worked around his end because he always got in and "smeared 'em." He was also a good baseball player and his playing was conspicuous for the good headwork connected with it.

On the track team, Wilson distinguished himself not only by the points that he scored but by the perseverance that he showed. For two years he practised with the team, day in and day out, until his practise brought him results.

Last but not least, Fischer, the football player enters. Now on the line, we know there is no chance for individual stars but we do know that no play thru Fischer's side as tackle, went thru for a touchdown. He played a hard game, hitting them low, getting under the mass and even stopping the man, tho that is the backfield man's work. Fischer is the best tackle South Side has had in a long time and we are sorry to lose him.

All in all, there is a worthy group of boys leaving South Side and we sincerely hope they do as well in college or in business as they did in their Alma Mater.

GAME! SET! MATCH!

Tilden Inspires Sunnysiders!

For the past three years a formidable tennis team has represented South Side High. In 1922 they played a long schedule of games and were successful in the majority of them. In 1923, altho very few games were played, the team was successful from South Side's point of view for they did not bow in defeat to any school.

Judging from the students who reported at the call for candidates the team this year has fine prospects. Fierstein and Flusser are two veterans from last year. Flusser knows many pointers about the game, which he learned by playing with older experienced men and he is sure to star for South Side. Fierstein showed his ability in 1922 when he won the junior singles tournament at East Orange and the doubles tournament at Montclair. No one doubts that Philip will win many sets for South Side if he shows the same skill on her team as he has in his previous matches. These two and Frey, Scheck, and Goldstein will probably represent South Side in their first match.

Mr. Strong, who himself is an experienced tennis player, will coach the team, giving it advice which can be obtained only by experience. We expect more games to be scheduled but so far these are arranged: Battin High School,

away on May 2; Irvington High School, away on May 28; Newark Academy, home on June 5; Evander Childs, home; and Millburn High School, away. The tennis team hopes to avenge the defeat suffered by South Side at the hands of the Millburn baseball team. All ye Sunnysiders who enjoy hearing of another victorious South Side team, just observe the result of your tennis team.

**All Hillside's to rout
For it's victory no doubt
When we're there with a clout,
Strike on but—NOT OUT!**

The South Side nine under the able tutelage of "Dean" Parsons buried the Hillside ball-tossers under an avalanche of runs, the final score reading 14 to 1 with the suburbanites at the short end in the initial contest for both schools at Hillside Thursday afternoon, April 10.

Douglas Schembs, a new-comer in the South Side ranks proved to be the star of the contest, scoring three runs and slamming out two doubles and a single. Tod Harrison, who started on the mound for the Black and Gold, proved very effective holding the Hillsiders to 2 hits in 6 innings.

Robbins, who started at first base and who succeeded Harrison in the seventh inning was quite effective and the errorless support given him in the last three innings prevented the suburbanites from scoring. The Hillsiders started the scoring in the first inning on a pass to Policastro, a stolen base and an error by McNickle, but there the scoring for Hillside ended.

The Sunnysiders broke into the scoring column in the third inning when they pushed a run across on a pass to Harrison and a triple to deep center by McNickle. Three runs were scored in the fifth frame. Spitz beat out a hit to short and the bases were loaded when Ramaglia and Stoll got on the bags by the faulty fielding of the Hillside team. Harrison was hit by a pitched ball, forcing in Spitz. Ehrenkranz then drove in Stoll and Ramaglia with a well placed hit past the third baseman.

South Side added another run in the seventh and three more in the eighth. Robbins walked and went to third on Schembs' double to right field. Spitz hit to the left fielder, who fumbled the ball, allowing Robbins and Schembs to score. Spitz crossed the plate a moment later on Ramaglia's single to left.

The Sunnysiders ended the scoring when six runs were pushed across the rubber in the final inning. McNickle reached first on an error and was advanced to second when "Splitty" walked.



THE OPTIMIST



Sevrin beat out a clever bunt filling the sacks. McNickle, Ehrenkranz and Sevrin scored on Schembs' double to right after Robbins had fanned. Spitz walked down the first base line via the four ball route. Schembs scored on the next play when Witkowsky singled past the shortstop. Spitz and Witkowsky scored the final runs when McNickle's hit to right field was juggled. The score:

SOUTH SIDE

	R.	H.	E.
McNickle, 2b.	2	1	2
Ehrenkranz, c. f.	1	1	0
Sevrin, c.	1	1	0
Robbins, 1b. and p.	1	0	0
Schembs, s. s.	3	3	0
Spitz, l. f.	2	1	0
Ramaglia, 3b.	1	1	0
Stoll, r. f.	1	0	1
Harrison, p.	1	0	0
Witkowsky, 1b.	1	1	0
Cohen, r. f.	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	14	9	3

HILLSIDE

	R.	H.	E.
Xanthaky, c.	0	0	0
Schnabel, 3b.	0	1	2
Policastro, r. f.	1	1	2
Zusi, s. s.	0	1	0
Haviland, 1b.	0	1	0
Tichenor, 2b.	0	1	0
Squire, l. f.	0	0	2
Lane, c. f.	0	0	0
Kestner, p.	0	1	0
	—	—	—
	1	7	6

South Side	-----	0	0	1	0	3	0	1	3	6	14
Hillside	-----	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1

Les Jours d'Ecole—or French Without a Struggle

By Charlotte Manshel

Dix little schoolboys flying o'er the turf;
One missed his car tho, and then there were neuf.

Neuf little schoolboys, each hastening to his seat;
One sat on a tack and then there were huit.

Huit little schoolboys whom lessons cause to fret;
One couldn't stand the pace and then there were sept.

Sept little schoolboys whose troubles never cease;

One tried to pass a note and then there were six.
Six little schoolboys fooling while in rank;

One caught the teacher's eye and then there were cinq.

Cinq little schoolboys starting to se battre;
One got the worst of it and then there were quatre.

Quatre little schoolboys cut a class une fois;

One met the principal and then there were trois.
Trois little schoolboys feeling tres heureux;

One whispered while in class and then there were deux.

Deux little schoolboys who hope to go to "Brun";
One wasn't certified and then there was un.

Un little schoolboy feeling tres bien;
He did reach college and then there was rien.

Helen Gottlieb: Do you know I'm a great artist? I drew a hen so natural that when I threw it into the waste basket, it lay there.

Saul Weinert: I'm learning to play the shoe horn.

Melvin Bach: That's nice, it touches the sole.



Class Officers



SCHOOL NEWS

© 1922
SWATZ

Editors

EVELYN AHRENDT
LOTTA EMMERGLICK
JACK FELDMAN

DAVID SOBO, *Chairman*

RUTH FLEISCHER
GABRIEL RICH
PEARL SOLOMON

AMAZONS CONQUER!

Male Rule Nearly Overthrown in Deutschland

Startling Proof Given of Woman's Great Superiority Over Man

Rally to the German Club! With the awakening of all Nature now in the Spring, and the gradual reorganization of the other clubs, the German Club, under the supervision of Miss Waite has come right along and reorganized too. Yes sir! on April 2. And don't think this club is not wide awake and up-to-date! It also has realized that girls are born leaders, and has elected a girl for President, namely Leonora Gross. But, of course, the boys couldn't give up all their power, so Werner Lederer was elected Vice-President and Samuel Gross, Secretary. The Treasurer is Ida Frank. A committee has been appointed to form a constitution and Werner Lederer is in charge of it. There is, of course, a social committee and one is assured of a good program. Anyone who studies German and is interested in it will surely come out to the German Club meetings.

A second meeting of the German Club was held Wednesday, April 9. The business was quickly finished and the members enjoyed a program planned by the Social Committee in which all the members took part. The meetings are to take place every other Wednesday and the members look forward to a successful term.

"Woodman Spare That Tree," I Cried. "That's Up to You," Said He.

Arbor Day assembly, tho one of the term's most interesting, began in the ordinary manner without any hint of the treat to follow. The scripture was read as usual.

Among the announcements which followed was the welcome news of a baseball victory over Hillside High School. The last warning of the Atlantic City-South Side debate was sounded. Donations for Arbor Day and the Jefferson Memorial at Monticello were requested. An exceptionally large Honor Roll was read, the morning students having a slight majority over the afternoon session. But beware, upper classmen, of the afternoon session!

Arbor Day, which means so little to most of the students, because it is not a legal holiday, should mean as much and even more to them than the celebration of the birthdays of many great men, because Arbor Day is the celebration of the planting of trees, upon which we depend more than we realize.

Our interest was awakened to this almost inestimable value of the trees and of the tree products by a program in which Gladys Easton, in a sort of travel among freedom, introduced the various numbers: the first, by Isadore Hodes was a talk on the protection of trees; the second, delivered by Ida Frank, was a talk on the Redwoods, the famous old trees of California; the third number, a few vocal selections by a well-known former South Sider, Lorraine Saylor, offered a little variety; the concluding number, given by Morris Cherney dealt with the innumerable products which trees afford us. Considering all the points mentioned by the speakers, we now appreciate our trees to a greater extent.

SOUTH SIDE KILLS TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

Two Audiences Praise Bach's Work

At the request of the Montclair High School, the Bach Concert was repeated under its aus-



pices on the evening of May 16. The only change in the program was that the Montclair High School Glee Club performed. On April 2, the orchestra played commendably at the graduation of the Newark Knights of Columbus.

Yes, sir—the harmonica band seems to be coming into the limelight. It played on April 4 for the Colgate speaking contest. On April 11 the violin quartet consisting of Walter Kastner, Leon Hammer, Rubin Ritz and Samuel Marantz played at the South Side-Atlantic City debate.

The orchestra broadcasted at W O R on May 12. Finale from Symphony in D major by Haydn and March from a cantata by J. S. Bach. Don't you think that the orchestra is working some? But as the old adage says: "Nothing can be gained without honest hard work." The orchestra surely does work. Here's luck to them.

16 MEN HAULED IN SPEEDSTERS GET THEIR DUE

April Fool's Day was not much of a bugaboo for South Side's indoor Mercuries; for on that day they received the fruits of their victories in several meets of the past season.

Twelve tracksters stepped proudly up to the platform, and with gracious smiles thanked Dr. Kennedy for their medals. Those receiving medals were: Warren Wilson, Hamilton Johnson, Howard Newmark, Henry Finck, Ira Kahn, Carl Meister, John MacKeckney, Nathan Litwack, Hugh Allison, David Geltzeiler, Daniel Wardell and James Pappas.

The junior relay team, consisting of Ertag, Fereburg, Blake and Rudnowitz, won a silver loving cup.

Altho there was much applauding the students had enough strength to give Minnie Klingel the applause which was due her for her announcement of the South Side-Atlantic City debate.

South Siders! Go to Brown—The College of Charms

On Tuesday, April 8, Mr. Appleget, a representative of Brown University, came to visit South Side. From his interesting speech in Assembly we judge Brown to be a haven of peacefulness where one may retreat from the harsh world. If one looks from the top of the steep hill on which Brown is situated the aspect is most pleasing and tranquil. Its advantageous position gives command of quiet streets, shaded with elm trees on either side and large colonial houses, unchanged thru the years.

Brown consists of two colleges, a men's college and a women's college. To the women are off-

ered the same course of study as to the men. They are taught by the same faculty but they maintain separate classes and have individual laws and codes. It is a half-mile from the men's college but a real short one, at that.

Its educational value cannot be too highly impressed upon you—just think, five secretaries of State graduated from its portals! Therefore our advice is: If you want to go to an all round good college—

Go

To

Brown.

**WHAT DO YOU DO SUNDAY,
WHAT DO YOU DO MONDAY, SOUTH
SIDE?
YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT EVERY
SUNDAY
BUT YOU MUST MEET THE KING AND
QUEEN ON MONDAY.**

The Knights of the greatest ability and renown, gathered from all over the Kingdom of South Side, await competitors in the Lists of Room Fifty Nine, as Brian de Bois-Guilbert in the Lists of Templestone awaited a competitor, who proved to be the gallant Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe. But at this time no chivalrous Knight of renown and unrestricted fame, is required, nor has the competitor need to fear injury or loss of life, for this tournament is nothing more or less than a chess and checker tournament, which will take place every Monday at one o'clock. Come one, come all, to the call of the kings of the chess box!

Yes! We Have No Dramatic Club!

Yes! We have no Dramatic Club;
The outlook is gloomy today.
We've a French Club, a Chess Club,
and a German Club, too.
And all kinds of clubs, and say—
We've an orchestra that plays like a dream,
And an excellent debating team,
But yes! etc. (Repeat Chorus.)

—Old Folk Song.

Sad news for the lovers of tragedy and comedy, and for the disciples of Aristophanes and Booth,—there will be no Dramatic Club this term. Because of the two sessions, (Alas! How many of our present discomforts can be laid at this door!), Mr. Joyce, who has charge of this organization, found that it would be practically impossible to get all the students together at one time, and hold rehearsals for a play. Coupled with this inconvenience, was the impossibility of obtaining the assembly when it was needed for these rehearsals.



Therefore, the idea of staging a play was quickly discarded. Mr. Joyce, however, attempted to hold one or two meetings, but a Dramatic Club without a play is like a fish without water—both are dead. Since the outlook for a play was far from cheerful, the meetings were correspondingly gloomy. After one or two attempts to instil some life and "pep" into the organization, the meetings were adjourned for the rest of the term.

But cheer up, ye dramatists! Perhaps by next term, some one will find a way to combat these deadly "two sessions," so that the Dramatic Club can produce a play of unusually high merit, and again be one of the foremost organizations in South Side. "*Quien sabe?*" as Firpo would say.

DEBATERS "STRUT THEIR STUFF"

Edmund Burke Looks to His Laurels!

Speaking of going to political conventions, if one had visited South Side on Friday evening, April 11, 1924, he would have obtained the same "kick" out of life, for within the four walls of the auditorium were six mighty orators, deciding whether the Bok prize peace plan should become part of the foreign policy of the United States.

Those on the negative side hailed from Atlantic City, and were Harold Wertheimer, Joseph Atlas, William Huston. Those on the affirmative were Frank Fink, Minnie Klingel, William Phillipson. The main debate could hardly convince us as to who was right, so eloquent was the speaking on the both sides, and in the rebuttal, the argument came so hot and heavy that we were at our wits' end. However, the judges, Mr. Frederick J. Hodgson, Supervising Principal of Springfield, Mr. Frederick J. Crehan, Department of Mathematics, Columbia High School, South Orange, and Mr. F. N. Neubaur, Principal of High School, Westfield, seemed to agree that the most points of the debate were given by the negative side, and so, the honors went to Atlantic City, and indeed, the men on their team certainly were acquainted with their subject.

Besides the debate, the evening was begun rather pleasantly by a violin quartet composed of Samuel Marantz, Walter Kastner, Leon Hammer, and Rubin Ritz. Introductory remarks were made by Mr. J. Wilmer Kennedy, Assistant Superintendent of Newark Public Schools, who got the audience into an interested attitude by his humor. Other entertainers on the program were: Dorothy Cohen, soprano,

who rendered "Ave Maria," by Bach-Gounod very sweetly, and very gaily, "Summer," by Chaminade; and William Kastner, violinist, who played "Andante" by De Beriot and "Spanish Dance" by Sarasate very well.

On the same evening, the rest of our orators made their way thru the gates of East Orange High School to try to spread our growing fame even further, but alas and alack, and wo is us, and other words to that effect, they attempted but in vain, for the decision was two to one, in favor of East Orange. Our worthy Crusaders were Leonard Cohn, Ruth Krauss, Rubin Poleshuck, and Samuel Wilder, alternate. They were opposed by Howard Gaidner, Walter Kirkpatrick, and William Hornisch. Altho we were not victorious, the team put up a good showing. South Siders should also be grateful to Mr. Stewart who has worked unceasingly to mold a strong team. Cheer up! Remember, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again!"

Seniors

Seniors who are coquettish and flirt . . . seniors who study and act quite alert . . . seniors who expect to pass . . . seniors not so lucky, alas! . . . seniors who wear such flashy ties . . . seniors who have sparkling blue eyes . . . seniors frequently sent to 210 . . . seniors that know they'll flunk chem. . . . seniors who always do their homework . . . seniors who are eager to shirk . . . seniors who have the "boyish bob" . . . seniors who in June will sob . . . seniors who like to whisper and giggle . . . seniors who can't sit still, they wiggle . . . seniors who are so very short . . . seniors who give a sharp retort . . . seniors who often play Mah Jong . . . seniors who hesitate to "pong" . . . seniors who are so very jolly and gay . . . seniors whom many teachers waylay . . . seniors who are more than shy . . . seniors who forever ask "why" . . . seniors who compose the class song . . . seniors who'll never be wrong . . . seniors who will read this . . . seniors who will not . . . some are going to scorn it . . . but others like it a lot.

A green little freshman on a bright spring day
Some chemicals mixed in a green little way.
Now the green little grasses softly wave
O'er that green little freshman's green little grave.



THE OPTIMIST



Chemistry in Relation to Home Life

(A tragedy in three acts and six scenes as presented by Room 210.)

Written by Harold Heymann.

Staged by A. Eugene Buck.

Costumes by Manger & Brescia.

Stage hand, John MacDonald.

ORIGINAL CAST

Mr. Gazook—Max Barth.

Mrs. Gazook—Everett Baumann.

Mary Gazook—Frank Burstein.

Johnny Gazook—Howard Fischer.

School teacher—Harold Hantman.

Principal—Thomas Winerman.

ACT I, SCENE I—MR. GAZOOK'S BEDROOM WITH BATH

Mr. Gazook arises. Washes. (As he washes he talks about manufacture of soap and softening of hard water.)

SCENE II—DINING ROOM OF GAZOOK HOMESTEAD

Mr. Gazook reads morning newspaper (talks about manufacture of ink and chemistry of printing), and eats spaghetti (talks about glass blowers, who blow holes in the spaghetti).

ACT II, SCENE I—SCHOOLROOM

Johnny Gazook loses pencil. (Teacher talks

about nitric acid, which eats holes in pencils to enable the lead to be inserted.) Johnny puts tack on teacher's chair (talks about manufacture of steel). Teacher sits down. (Here MacDonald lowers curtain on terrible scene.)

SCENE II—PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Johnny is sent down to principal because of event which occurred in previous scene. He is spanked so he cries. (Principal talks about tear gas.)

ACT III, SCENE I—GAZOOK'S FRONT PORCH

Mary Gazook comes out of house and slips on ice. (As she is falling she talks about manufacture of artificial ice.) However, her arm is broken, so she talks about use of bones as fertilizers. As Burstein takes this part a derrick comes on the stage to lift him up. The derrick burns soft coal, and as Burstein is being lifted he talks about soft coal as a fuel.

SCENE II

Mr. Gazook arrives home at 2 N. T. (night time) and is greeted by a volley of Crisco cans. (Mrs. G. talks about hydrogenation of oils.) As Mr. G. is being carted out, he talks about use of chemicals in medicine and First Aid.

(CURTAIN)



Senior Optimist Board



Athletics in a Soda Shop

No doubt you will wonder how it is that those of us who are not members of the track, baseball, or football teams keep in condition. Here is the answer: We frequent the soda shops.

As athletics are considered to deal chiefly with the physical side of our makeup let us first dwell upon the physical exercise that is to be obtained from visiting the shops where drinks and other more or less palatable things are sold.

On entering one of the said shops it is usually necessary that one seek for a place in which to park himself. In this quest the muscles that control the movements of the eye are exercised.

One must then use the muscles of the trunk of the body in order to remain perched on the stool or chair which has been selected.

The muscles of the jaws and tongue are next employed in ordering that which the appetite may crave and in masticating whatever may be chosen.

The forearm muscles, which play a most important part in all types of eating are then utilized in conveying the sweet stuff from its container to the mouth.

If by chance a fudge sundae has been ordered it is a well known fact that the muscles of the fingers must be used in twisting the spoon in order to sever the taffy-like threads which stretch themselves into too often embarrassing lengths.

Or if a liquid refreshment has been selected the lungs are exercised in exhausting the air from the straw in order that the difference in pressures may force the liquid up the straw and into the mouth.

Last, but sad to relate we would not think least, the muscles of the forearm, upperarm, and fingers are exerted in extricating from the pockets the fee which is required, sometimes forcefully by the proprietors of the afore-named shops.

We have now treated the physical exercise to be experienced in frequenting the soda shops. However all ideal athletics develop the mental as well as the physical portion of our anatomy. Let us then discuss the mental exercise to be obtained from temporarily inhabiting the places where sweet things are dispensed.

Most important along the line of mental exercise is the point of selectivity which is utilized; in choosing the shop in which we would partake of this so-called nourishment; in selecting the type, brand or breed of nourishment that we desire; and in determining which portion of it we will first devour.

Much perseverance and patience is also needed in handling and in eating the delicacies that are served by some of the local shops.

After these fore-going statements let him who doubts that we cannot thus keep in condition send his reasons for so thinking to the Holy Order of Free and Excepted Amalgamated Soda Shop Frequenters. We assure you that all correspondence received in regard to this matter will be given due consideration.

Signed and sealed at Overbrook, in the county of Essex and the state of New Jersey, this 30th day of February, 1924.

To a Souse

Apologies to Burns, mostly apologies

By T. Winerman

1.

Ha! where ye gaun ye drunken burly
Ye that staggers from place to place
I canna say but your hiccoughs nearly
Blow up your bloated face.

2.

Oh ye sneakin' Johnny Barleycorn
How dare ye place your evil hand
That emits a scent of rye and whisky
On such a specimen.

3.

Bum, your nose is very red
Much redder than a rose,
You must have dipt it in some rouge
Or crimson paint, I suppose.

4.

Now your gait is unsteady
And there are no lamp posts in sight
By which if you were ready
You could hold yourself upright.

5.

'Tis a shame that such a city
Should forget citizens like you
And hasn't the least bit of pity
For you who goes into a stew.

6.

As ye pause in your uncertainty
Ye wonder why passers-by grin
For surely no mirrors hang on you
By which they might look in.

7.

Oh would some pow'r a mirror gie us
To see ourselves as others do
It would from many a rummy free us
Who wouldn't die from stale home brew.

Heard in the Chess and Checkers Club

Mr. Chairman, I wish to decline my resignation.

SENIORS



HELEN GREENBLAT

SENIOR DIRECTORY

HELEN GREENBLAT, *Chairman*

MABEL COHEN

GEORGE FRIEDMAN

EUGENE BUCK

HELEN MUNTRICK

Abramson, William (3½ Year Student) 80 Rose St.

And panting time toiled after him in vain.

Fife and Drum Corps '21, '22; Class Baseball '21, '22.
Senior Optimist.

Classical

Undecided



*Aronowitz, Harry 203 Howard St.

*I'm armed with more than complete steel,—
The justice of my quarrel.*

Classical

Columbia

Cohen, Benjamin 21 Osborne Ter.

Even a hair may cast its shadow.

General French

Business

* Denotes 20 or more times on the Honor Roll.



Ayres, Norma E. 789 So. 12th St.

*To those who know thee not, no words can paint;
And those who know thee, know all words are faint.*

Secretary 4A Class; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Pratt

Ball, Minnie 74 Millington Ave.

And a very nice girl you will find her.

Volley Ball '23.

General French

Normal

Barr, Morris A. 523 So. 11th St.

My own thoughts are my companions.

1B Pennant; Class Baseball '22, '23; Class Football '22; President Civics Club '22.

Classical

Fordham

Barth, Max 329 Hillside Ave.

*I shall ne'er be ware of my own wit till
I break my shins against it.*

Class Baseball '23; Class Football '22, '23.

Classical

Columbia

Bauman, Everett O. 30 Wilbur Ave.

*Had I been present at the creation, I would have given
some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe.*

Class Baseball '22, '23; Optimist '22, '23, '24; Executive Committee, Senior Optimist; Varsity Chess Team '23.

Classical

Columbia

Binetsky, Irving 757 Hunterdon St.

757 Hunterdon St.

A happy heart is better than a full purse.

Class Baseball '21; Class Football '22.

Classical

N. Y. U.



Bonda, Dorothy 11 Hillside Ave.

11 Hillside Ave.

Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit.

Volley Ball '23, '24.

General French

Normal



Brescia, Nicholas 259 Sherman Ave.

259 Sherman Ave.

*Comb down his hair,
Look, look! It stands upright.*

Class Baseball '22, '23; Class Football '23; Senior Optimist

Classical

Undecided



Brown, Ruth 431 Badger Ave.

She was active, stirring, all aglow.

Hockey '20, '21, '22, '23; Basketball '20, '21, '22; Track '20

General Spanish

Normal



Buck, Eugene 356 Chadwick Ave.

His hat held all he knew.

Senior Optimist.

Classical

Leland Stanford Jr.





Burkhardt, Arthur A. 80 Weequahic Ave.

As proper a man as one shall see in a summer's day.

Class Baseball '21, '23.

Classical

Rutgers



Burstein, Frank 191 Barclay St.

Laugh and grow fat.

Class Basketball '20; Class Baseball '21; Orchestra '23, '24;
Senior Optimist.

Classical

N. J. College of Pharmacy



Chidnofsky, George (3½ Year Student) 484 Jelliff Ave.

It is as meat and drink to me.

Class Baseball '21, '23; 1B Pennant; Optimist '24; Senior
Optimist.

Classical

N. Y. U.



Coe, Newell W. 73 Pomona Ave.

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.

Class Baseball '21, '22.

General Spanish

Undecided



*Cohen, Mabel 784 High St.

*If hearts were trumps,
Oh, what a hand you'd hold!*

Midsummer Night's Dream '21; Senior Optimist; Volley
Ball '24; Color and Motto Committee 4A Class.

Classical

Columbia

Cohen, Pearl C. 308 Chadwick Ave.

She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought.

Hockey '23; 4A Social Committee.

Classical Undecided

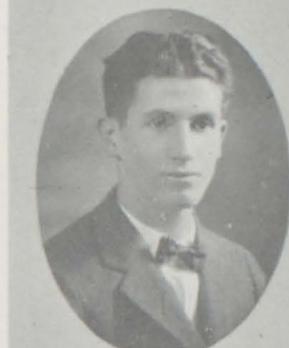


Collani, Arthur F. 392 Seymour Ave.

And a jolly good fellow was he.

Football '22.

General French Undecided



Dolph, Jacqueline 78 Court St.

Faithfulness and sincerity first of all.

Volley Ball '23; Track '23.

Classical U. of Michigan



Durvage, Arthur 19 Chadwick Ave.

All I ask is to be let alone.

Class Football '23.

General French Business



Easton, Gladys M. 299 Clinton Ave.

*Affectionate, loving, sweet and kind,
Another just like her is hard to find.*

Basketball '21, '22; Twelfth Night; Chairman Color and
Motto Committee 4A Class.

General French National Park Seminary





Edge, Ruth

793 So. 11th St.

*For her own breakfast, she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.*

Arts

Pratt

Ehrich, Madeline M.

30 Pomona Ave.

The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good.

General German

Institute of Musical Art

Einhorn, Samuel (3½ Year Student) 105 Peshine Ave.

*Great thoughts like great deeds,
Need no trumpet.*

Classical

N. J. College of Pharmacy

Emmerglick, Seymour A.

21 Girard Pl.

The hand that follows intellect easily achieves.

Varsity Debating Team '23; President German Club '23, '24; Associate Editor Optimist '23; Editor-in-Chief Optimist '23; President 4A Class; Editor Senior Optimist.

Classical

N. J. Law

Feiman, Yetta

17 Wolcott Ter.

*Never elated when one man's oppressed,
Never dejected while another's blessed.*

Classical

Columbia

Fink, Frank

228 Charlton St.

*There is no wisdom like Frankness;
The secret of success is a constancy to purpose.*

Mock Trial, Debating Club '21, '22, '23; Secretary Debating Club '23; Vice-President Debating Club '23; President Debating Club '24; Ass't Manager Football '23; Senior Optimist; Debating Team '23, '24.

Classical

N. J. Law

Fischer, Howard

305 Hunterdon St.

Nothing was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Varsity Football '22, '23; Treasurer 4A Class; Varsity Track '20; Class Baseball '20, '21; Class Basketball '20, '21

General French

U. of Pennsylvania

Friedfeld, Thelma

62 Baldwin Ave.

*Where the stream runneth smoothest,
The water is deepest.*

Midsummer Night's Dream: Senior Optimist

Classical

Cornell

Friedman, George

286 Peshine Ave.

*Praise from a friend or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that his merits know.*

Optimist '23, '24; Senior Optimist; Social Committee
French Club '23.

Classical

N. Y. II

Friedman, Oscar

162 Scheerer Ave.

His hair was not more sunny than his heart.

Class Baseball '21; Football '22, '23; Track '22 '23

Classical

N. Y. U.





Gann, D. Dorothy

259 Avon Ave.

*I have no other but a woman's reason,
I think him so because—I think him so.*

Basketball '22; Volley Ball '23; Hockey '23; Glee Club '22, '23, '24; Twelfth Night; Bach Concert '24; Optimist '24; Senior Optimist.

General French

N. J. College for Women

Gaeckle, William

391 Chadwick Ave.

I go my own way silently and bother no one.

Class Football '23; Class Baseball '22; Varsity Track '24.

General French

National Radio Institute

Geng, George

24 Sussex Ave.

Conscientiousness and silence are but two of his virtues.

Class Baseball '23.

Classical

Undecided

Goldfine, Jeanette

333 Peshine Ave.

*They are truly great
Who are truly good.*

Senior Optimist; Optimist '23, '24; Chairman Literary Board '24; Bach Concert '24; Glee Club '23, '24.

Classical

N. Y. U.

Goldberg, Jacob

144 Peshine Ave.

He is a student and a ripe good one.

Baseball '21.

Classical

N. J. Law

Goldman, David (3½ Year Student) 401 Peshine Ave.

On their own merits, modest men are dumb.

Classical

C. C. N. Y.



Gottlieb, Helen (3½ Year Student) 443 So. Belmont Ave.

*A modern maid is she, in talk and way and style,
With just a touch of quaintness and an irresistible smile.*

Volley Ball '23; Hockey '23; Optimist '24; Senior Optimist;
Color and Motto Committee 4A Class.

Arts

Columbia



Grabelsky, Moe

87 Stratford Pl.

*Red-haired old bachelors are unknown,
Here's luck!*

Class Basketball '20; Class Baseball '21.

Classical

U. of Michigan



Grammer, Frank

147 Johnson Ave.

Handsome is as handsome does.

Chairman Social Committee 4A Class; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Columbia Dental College



*Greenblat, Helen

275 So. Orange Ave.

*For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
But if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't.*

1B Pennant; Prize Essay Courtesy Contest '22; 4B Social Committee; Honor Roll Medal; Vice-President French Club; Executive Committee Senior Optimist; Vice-President 4A Class; Vice-President Debating Club '24.

Classical

N. J. College for Women



* Denotes 20 or more times on the Honor Roll.



Greenfield, Norma L.

16 Randolph Pl.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness.

Hockey '23.

Classical

Undecided



Haase, Milton

307 Chadwick Ave.

*And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.*

Class Baseball '23; Class Football '23; Track '22; G. O.
Representative '22.

Classical

Cornell



Hahn, Elvin H.

16 Johnson Ave.

*Life is not so short but that there is always time for
courtesy.*

Classical

N. Y. U.



Hantman, Harold

49 Farley Ave.

The characteristic of every noble person is sincerity.

Class Basketball '23; Class Baseball '23; Orchestra '22, '23,
'24; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Columbia



Hare, Theodore

803 So. 12th St.

*A little folly is desirable in him that would not
be guilty of stupidity.*

Class Baseball '21, '22; Class Basketball '21, '22.

General French

Rutgers

Harrison, Joseph 63 Baldwin Ave.

A lion among ladies is a dreadful thing.

Varsity Track '22, '23; Varsity Baseball '22, '23; Varsity Football '23; Ass't Business Manager Dramatic Club; Ass't Business Manager Optimist '22; Business Manager Optimist '23; Senior Optimist.

General Spanish Brown

Heyman, Harold 162 Clinton Ave.

A man of honor, noble and true.

Class Baseball '23; Class Football '22, '23; Class Basketball '23; Senior Optimist.

General Latin Undecided

Hilfman, Beatrice 125 Leslie St.

She was a maiden witty, bright and free.

Volley Ball '23; Hockey '24.

Normal



Hinton, Ethel M. 110 Chadwick Ave.

A mind at peace with all below

General French Undecided



Hodes, Isadore 83 Baldwin St

I'll warrant him heart-whole.

General U. of Michigan





Hubing, Eleanor A.

26 Leslie St.

*She is sweet of disposition,
She is loving, wise and kind.*

Senior Optimist.

Arts

Pratt

Hutt, Sofia

186 Ridgewood Ave.

Her every tone is music's own.

General Spanish

Normal

Inglin, Mary

80 Renner Ave.

Thoughtless of beauty, she is beauty's self.

1A Representative G. O.

Classical

Undecided

Iversen, Edward J.

865 Bergen St.

A clear conscience is a sure card.

Classical

Mass. Institute of Tech.

Kennedy, Eleanor

255 Grafton Ave.

She's modest as any, and blithe as she's bonnie.

Baseball '20, '22; Swimming '22; Track '20, '22, '24;
Hockey '22, '24.

General

Undecided

Knitter, Herbert	83 Scheerer Ave.
	<i>Oh! This learning, what a thing it is.</i>
Swimming '20, '21, '22; Class Football '21; Class Baseball '21, '22.	
General Latin	Cornell
Knobloch, Bertha	34 Runyon St.
	<i>Good sense and good nature are never separated.</i>
Twelfth Night; Optimist '24; Senior Optimist.	
Arts	Columbia
Korany, Joseph	539 Hunterdon St.
	<i>An honest man is the noblest work of God.</i>
Class Baseball '23.	
Classical	Lehigh
Krajewski, Irene	572 So. 13th St.
	<i>Goes about her own affairs, Day by day; Speaks, when spoken to, In her own sweet way.</i>
Arts	Newark Normal for Physical Education
Kravitz, Meyer	146 Charlton St.
	<i>Until he gains his heart's desire, This plugging fellow will not tire.</i>
Class Baseball '21.	
Classical	N. J. College of Pharmacy





Kress, Carl

901 So. 19th St.

*Carl is always smiling, Carl is always gay,
It must be his motto, to laugh the live-long day.*

General German

Rutgers



Krieger, Gertrude

1090 Broad St.

*You've pleasant ways about you,
The kind that wins a friend.*

G. O. Representative '21.

Arts

Undecided



Kuskin, Isadore

128 Hedden Ter.

*He lived at peace with all mankind
In friendship he was true.*

Class Baseball '21.

Classical

Columbia



Levy, Benjamin

309 W. Kinney St.

You may trust him in the dark.

General French

Undecided



*Levy, Norman

66 Baldwin Ave.

*With too much quickness ever to be taught
With too much thinking to have common thought.*

1B Pennant; Ass't Business Manager Optimist '22; Business Manager Optimist '23.

Classical

Princeton

* Denotes 20 or more times on the Honor Roll.

Loebel, Lea

174 Osborne Ter.

*She giggled in French,
In Latin, too,
There was no mischief
She didn't do.*

1B Pennant; Hockey '23.

Classical

Barnard



Lubin, Morris

103 Lillie St.

His talents were of the more silent kind.

Classical

Columbia



Luthy, Mildred

9 Laurel Ave.

Modesty is a grace of the soul.

General Spanish

Normal



MacDonald, John

95 Renner Ave.

*The most enviable of all titles:
"An honest man."*

Class Baseball '22, '23; Class Football '23; Track '24.

Classical

Cornell



Maine, May

11 Eckert Ave.

Her heart is as light as her eyes are bright.

General

Undecided





Manhoff, Leah

714 So. 10th St.

*I'll be merry and free
I'll be sad for nobody.*

General

Columbia



Manshel, Charlotte R.

37 Milford Ave.

*Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.*

1B Class President; Track '20; G. O. Secretary '24; Entertainment Committee, Debating Club '23; Volley Ball '24; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Wellesley



*Menk, Louis (3½ Year Student) 186 Hillside Ave.

*And what he greatly thought,
He nobly dared.*

1B Pennant; Optimist '23, '24; Chairman Personal Board '24; Chairman Senior Personal Board Optimist; Ass't Treasurer 4A Class; Executive Committee Senior Optimist; Director of "El Capitan Veneno"; "Don Quijote."

Classical

Harvard



*Muntrick, Helen

862 So. 13th St.

*Always willing, full of fun,
Best of students, likes every one.*

Senior Optimist; Honor Roll Medal.

Classical

Pine Manor



Nuffort, Richard W.

900 So. 16th St.

What should a man do but be merry?

Classical

Undecided

* Denotes 20 or more times on the Honor Roll.

Olphin, Mabel E.

18 Mulberry Pl.

*'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.*

General Spanish

Normal



Pappas, James

15 Pomona Ave.

Popularity is power.

G. O. President '23; Track '21, '22; Captain Track Team '22, '23; Varsity Football '22; Class Baseball '21, '22; Class Basketball '21, '22.

Classical

Princeton



Plain, I. H.

427 Lyons Ave.

He filled the air with thundering dissonance.

Senior Optimist.

Classical

U. of Pennsylvania



Rabinowitz, Jennie

150 Somerset St.

She has two eyes so soft and brown.

General

Normal



Rauchbach, Gussie

76 Millington Ave.

*For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natur's never vary.*

4B Social Committee.

General French

Normal





Rech, Herbert 95 Winans Ave.

In finest tones the youth could speak.

Classical Undecided



*Rosewater, Sara 40 Milford Ave.

*Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sallie.*

1B Pennant; President French Club '23; 4B, 4A Social Committee.

Classical Smith



Rowe, Anita 616 So. Belmont Ave.

In faith lady, you have a merry heart.

Arts Undecided



Sabel, Philip 154 Charlton St.

Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you.

Classical N. Y. U.



Sala, Gertrude 134 Osborne Ter.

The perfection of art is to conceal art.

Volley Ball '23; Hockey '23; Glee Club '24.

Classical Montclair Normal



Smith, Elwood H. 104 Milford Ave.

Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith.

Classical Business



Spitz, Charles 2 Stratford Pl.

Swift of foot, swift of mind.

Vice-President G. O. '24; Chairman Social Committee 4B Class; Track '22; Football '22, '23; Baseball '23, '24.

General French Yale



Stern, Lester 67 13th Ave.

Little by little the end is obtained.

Football '20, '21, '22; Track '20, '22; Baseball '21, '22; G. O. Representative 4B; Class Baseball '20; Class Basketball '20; Swimming '20.

Classical Undecided



Tarchis, Gertrude B. 206 Belmont Ave.

A blithe heart makes many friends.

Midsummer Night's Dream; Volley Ball '23; Glee Club, '23; Color and Motto Committee.

General Spanish Normal



Tepperman, Evelyn 132 Ridgewood Ave.

Wise to resolve—patient to perform.

Clarence; Twelfth Night.

General French Simmons

Van Moppes, Esther

120 Clinton Ave.

*A low voice, a sweet one, too,
A kind word here and there.*

1B Pennant; Orchestra Medal; Basketball '20; Midsummer
Night's Dream; Glee Club '20, '22.

Classical

Columbia



Walker, Felix

142 Livingston St.

*Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, in simplicity a child.*

Classical

C. C. N. Y.



Walzer, Helen

896 So. 20th St.

Courteous tho coy and gentle tho retired.

Classical

Normal



Weinert, Saul

122 Rose Ter.

*Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for care, and a fig for woe.*

Optimist '22, '23; Senior Optimist; Class Baseball '20, '21,
'22; Class Football '20.

General Spanish

N. Y. U.



Weintraub, Samuel

599 Bergen St.

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

Classical

N. J. College of Pharmacy





Werner, Mildred 25 Parker Ave.

She moves a goddess, she looks a queen.

Arts N. J. School of Fine and Applied Arts



Whitehouse, Robert F. 889 So. 15th St.

*Full of pep, happy, gay—
That's our Bobby, night and day.*

Ass't Circulation Manager Optimist '21; Swimming '21;
Circulation Manager Optimist '22; Ass't Football Manager
'21; Football Manager '22.

Classical Dartmouth



Wilson, Warren 20 Elm St.

*Silence reigns supreme,
Hearken to the stillness.*

Track '22, '23, '24.

Classical Lehigh



Winerman, Thomas H. 347 Hillside Ave.

*He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a
hand to execute any mischief.*

Glee Club '21, '22; Twelfth Night; Class Baseball '22; Senior
Optimist.

General French Columbia



Zimetbaum, Lillian 51 Ingraham Pl.

*Cheerful, pretty, pert, and young,
With an unremitting wiggle to her tongue.*

General French Undecided



THE OPTIMIST





Editors

LOUIS MENK, *Chairman*

JOSEPHINE BAUM
GEORGE CHIDNOFSKY
MARCUS M. HARRIS

EDWARD HUBERMAN
HARRY LOWE
LAWRENCE ROSENBAUM

JEROME SILVERMAN

Helen: I shall live by my wits alone
Frankie: Why die so young?

Teacher (in English class): What weapons did Watt Tyler use to inspire the people to revolt against the king?

"Umby" Hanson (just waking up): Bows and arrows!

History Teacher: Cameras were first used at the inauguration of Martin Van Buren and—

"Bob" Whitehouse: Then how did they get the pictures of the presidents preceding Van Buren?—Guess 'em?

Teacher: I once tried an experiment and permitted the students to take their books to the examination to use as a reference. Even then the exam. was a failure and—

Voice from the rear: Please try it on us.

Linger Awhile

(Words of cheer to mournful seniors—sincerest apologies to author.)

Your four years are ended
But linger awhile.
Now don't be offended
Just linger awhile.
Your Latin was forty-two
In French you're not nearly thru
And since you're not twenty-two,
Well, linger awhile.

Teacher (to noisy class): If any one were to pass here and hear all this noise he would think we were crazy.

R. Whitehouse: Why say we?

For what do p, mp and pp stand?
p—pep.
mp—more pep.
pp—please pound.

The Height of Dumbness

The student who says that the only reason he goes to class is to hear the teacher call the roll so that he doesn't forget his name.

Teacher (calling the roll): Jones, Jones—(no answer)—Jones, (interval)—John Smythe Jones! (pause) evidently Mr. Jones has no friends here.

Syncopation
Temptation
All night.

Examination
No preparation
What a plight!

Probation
Desolation
What then!

Expulsion
Propulsion
Amen!

There was a sweet young thing called Pearl
Who decided to marry an earl
She took great pains
To further her aims
That's just what they all do, my girl!



THE OPTIMIST



Teacher (in Roman History): Just think, every Roman soldier is killed and just one of the consuls flees.

Charlotte Manshel: Yes, flees on a horse.

Teacher: Take the Battle of Bull Run for tomorrow's homework.

Brilliant Stude: Don't you mean "Sitting Bull?"

She thinks of dropping Latin,
And all her friends concur,
For, knowing her, they quite agree,
One tongue's enough for her.

1st English Stude: If Ivanhoe costs sixty cents in a bookstore what is Kenilworth?

2nd English Stude: Great Scott! What a novel question.

Dot Gann: What book holds the interest of most people today?

Lillian Zimmetbaum: The bank book, that is, at least four per cent. of it anyway.

Teddy Hare: I had an awful close shave this morning.

Julian Levy: Mercy, what happened?

T. H.: I needed it.

At the Prom

Saul Weinert: She dances like a miser.

Gussie Rauchbach: How's that?

S. W.: Awfully close.

Little skeeter on my nose.
Here you is and there you goes.
Let's play tag. If I tag you,
Jimminy Chrismus you'll feel blue.

Little hairs upon my head,
Where are you was or is you dead?
What for have you gone to roam?
O please come back to papa's dome.

Benny Cohen: Would you wear a rented bathing suit?

Tod Harrison: It depends on where the rent was.

One day a fellow named Coe
Decided to imitate Poe
He wrote quite a book
Said people "please look"
But this didn't bring any dough.

Now we sing of a girl named Thelma
The fellows they'd all overwhelm'a
She was peppy and sweet
Quite pretty and neat
I don't blame the fellows! Ahem A!

There was a young fellow named Cholo
Who desired to give us a solo
He proceeded to sing'o
But we said by jing'o
Please Cholo turn on the Victrola.

Famous Sayings of Famous Seniors

Emmerglick: "Where's that stuff?"

Durvage: "_____"

Menk: "Dues please! Wanna ticket?"

Toots F.: "I'm passing out!"

M. Cohen: "I'm dyin—"

N. Levy: "Hey Mabel."

Helen G.: "Oh my gosh! Naaa"

Leah L.: "He He He—Etc."

Weinert: "And then I took the 50,000."

Chidnofsky: "See? Well!"



**WE FIND "HERBIE" RECH
STILL BEHIND THE COUNCIL-
ER, BUT NOT ICE CREAM.**



THE OPTIMIST



Senior Nursery Rimes

Hey, diddle, diddle, who'll answer this riddle
Why do the seniors run to lunch?
The faculty laugh to see such speed
For the freshmen get stuck in the bunch.

—
There was a crooked youth
Who walked a crooked mile
To a crooked recitation.
At which he couldn't smile.
For his mark he waited
Wishing for a ten
When he took one look,
It made him wish again.

—
Mary had a powder box
In it was a treasure bold,
And everywhere that Mary went
She took the box to hold
She took it out in school one day
Which was against the rule,
With it she made a big display
And acted like a fool.

—
A dillar a dollar an eight o'clock scholar,
You used to come at nine.
But now that the new schedule is here,
We'll have to say it's fine.

—
Higgledy piggledy, my son John,
Went to bed with no lessons done.
One page started and one begun,
To finish he'd have to rise with the sun.

—
Rub a dub dub
Three youths in a tub
And who do you think they be?
The flunker, the crammer, the poor translator
Out, Knaves, all of you three!

—
Rock-a-by senior, in the last class,
When the marks come, you hope that you pass.
When the cards come, your hopes they do fall,
For there are some 6's, zeros, and all.

—
Jim be nimble
Jim be quick
And Jim jump over the hurdle stick.

—
Little one bee, has lost her locker key
And can't tell where to find it.
Better get busy and hunt it up
Or they'll fine you a quarter—now mind it.

—
Jack and Jill went up the hill
To South Side for some knowledge.
Jack stayed there to play baseball
While Jill went off to college.

Philosophy of a Senior

1. An ounce of study is worth a pound of bluff.
2. Under classmen—they toil not neither do they spin.
3. There is always plenty of room at the head of the class.

Comedy in Four Acts

Presented by Doctor Kennedy

Act One—

Freshman Year. Some children enter dressed in short dresses, and short trousers. Enter on kiddy-kars, baby carriages, etc. They are immediately given a list of don'ts:

1. Don't forget grammar school diplomas.
 2. Don't talk back.
 3. Don't park roller skates in gym. lockers.
- Exit—wide-eyed with wonder and fright.

Act Two—

Sophomore Year. Youths and maidens stroll in nonchalantly. Youths begin to tease some freshmen who have just entered. This is their sophomore year.

Exit—haughtily.

Act Three—

Junior Year. Boys and girls enter carrying from 8 to 10 books. They look all worn out as they slouch along. These are the joys of the junior year.

Act Four—

Senior. Seniors! real seniors! One can hardly recognize, in these highly dignified scholars, the giggling freshies of four years ago.

They talk about the wonderful Senior Optimist.
Commencement. Curtain

I.

Little Freshmen, green as grass,
I love to watch you as you pass
With timid footsteps thru the school
And heeding every little rule.

II.

Haughty Soph as "proud as Punch"
How you scramble down to lunch,
Pushing halting frosh aside
As you their youthful looks deride.

III.

Jolly Junior, free as air
Merry, glad without a care (?),
I love to watch you at your play
"Raising Cain" the livelong day.

IV.

Sober (?) Senior, stern and grand
You act as if you own the land;
Much valued time your studies claim
But, oh, you frolic just the same.



THE OPTIMIST



Heard in History

Teacher: "March to the Sea please, Pappas!"
Voice in the Rear: "Better begin now, Jimmy."

With due apology to Coleridge.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
In detention sat I sadly.
And never Mr. Myers took pity on
My soul in agony.

Day after day, day after day
We stuck on some translation.
As idle as an empty track
Beside a railroad station.

Homework, homework everywhere
With all the books around.
Homework, homework everywhere
While no one dared to frown.

The very books did rot. Oh my
That this should ever be!
Yea, awful things entered my mind
About the work, my one bogey.

And to Goldsmith.

Sweet South Side! the loveliest school we have known,
Where health and learning cheered the laboring bone,
Where smiling frosh their earliest visits paid,
And parting seniors lingering looks delayed:
Dear lovely hours of work and of play,
Seats of my youth—where I spent the long day
How often have I loitered thru thy halls
Where humble happiness endeared thy walls.

Latin Teacher: What was the name of Virgil's work on the lower world?

Very Intelligent Student: Wasn't it "Dante's Inferno"?

French teacher explains that the derivation of tête, head, is the Latin word testa, meaning brick.

Janitor: A little piece of paper goes a long way.

Einhorn: Yes, it does—if the rubber band is stretched hard enough.

In Physics Room

Teacher: Say, young fellow, don't stand near that wire! You are liable to get a shock.

Bauman: That's all right, I wear "O'Sullivan's Heels."

A Few Easy Subjects

Doing 1 B Latin
Is such jolly work,
For there among the lines
Such terrible pitfalls lurk.

Sophomores find geometry
An awful bore, 'til done,
Oh, those cruel problems,
Angles and "axiom one."

History worries Juniors,
Kings and Queens and dates,
What does Johnny learn
To know of all their fates?

Then Seniors quite indifferent,
Going on their way;
Find that 4 A Latin
Makes their hair turn gray.

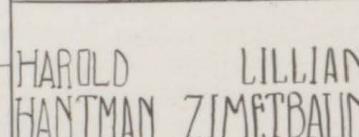
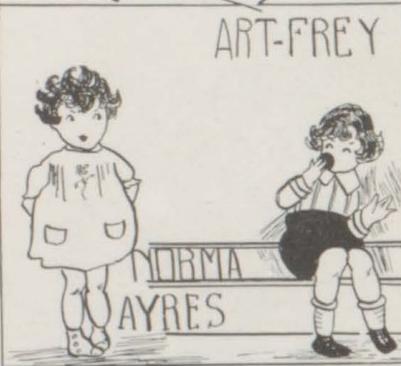


THE ORATORS IN THIS CLASS

WERE NUMEROUS
HERE WE HAVE OUR
OWN EMMERGLICK



BEFORE THEY HEARD OF SOUTH SIDE





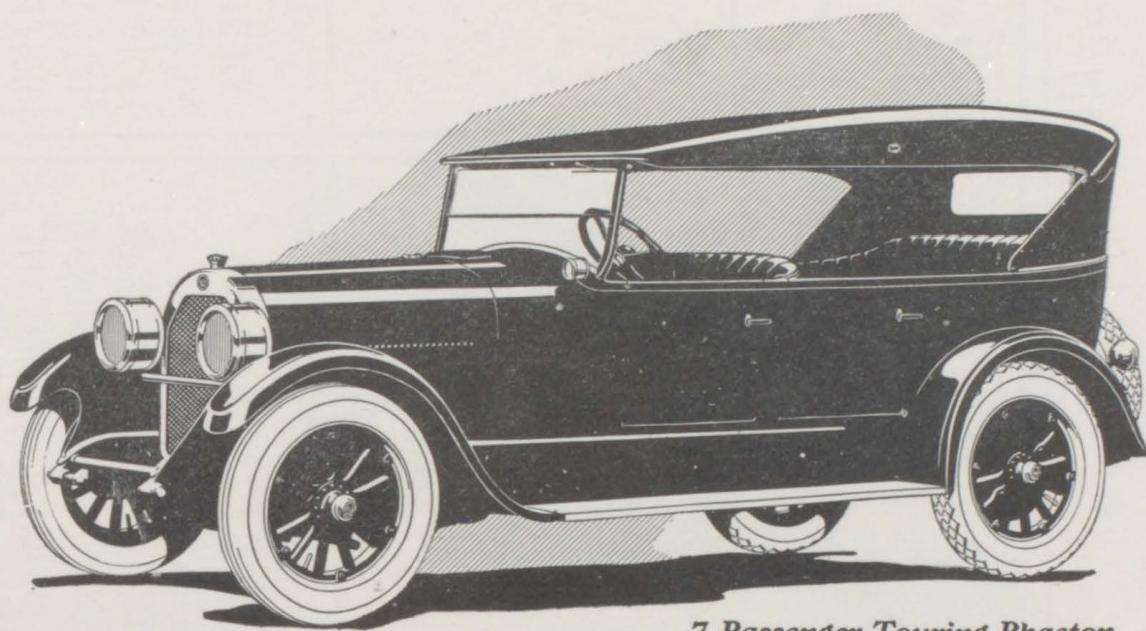
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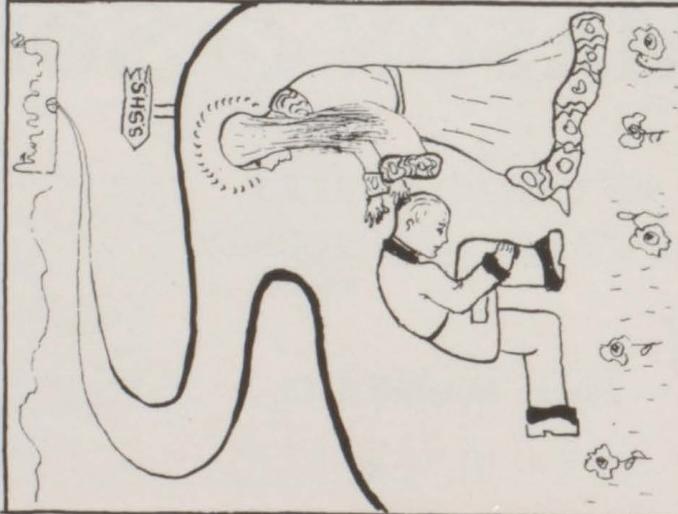
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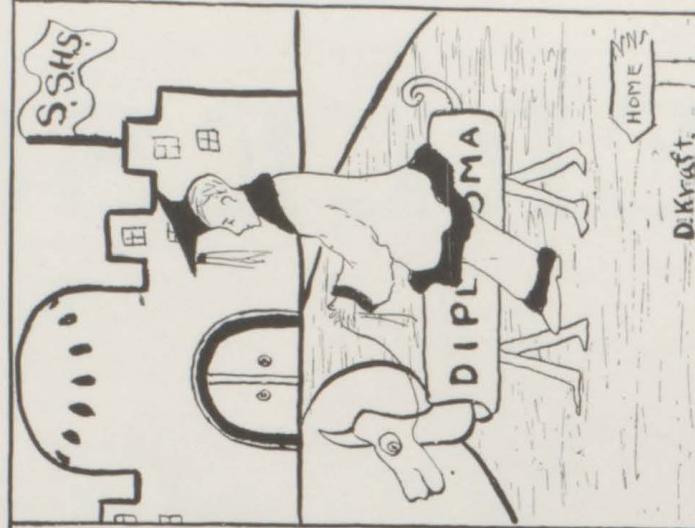
SENIOR PLAY
DANTOMIME
~
THE MIRACLE
IN THREE ACTS



I
YE KNIGHT MEETETH
YE FAYDE MAYDE,
AMBITION WHO DOTHE
INSPIRE HYM TO DO
A GRETE DEED.



II
AFTER FOUR YEARES (or more)
OF WANDERYNG IN THE
WILDEDNESSE OF KNOWLEDGE,
YE PROUDE KNIGHT, BEIGHT
WITH BOKES, CONQUERETH
YE GRISLY DRAGONNES.



III
ENCROWNED WYTH VICTORY,
YE KNIGHT RIDEATH
HOMeward ON HYS
NEWELY WONNE STEEDE,
HIGHT DIPLOMA.



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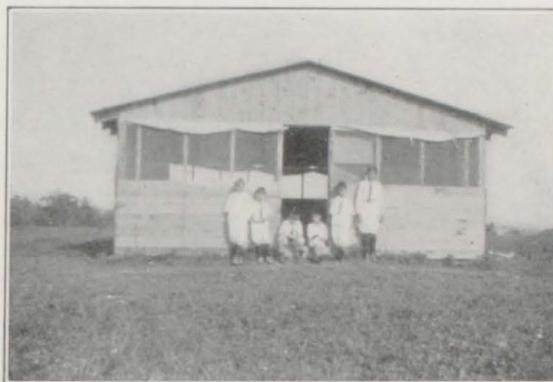
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"Better ice cream can't be made."

Teacher: Germany started the war because of her desire to find a place for her surplus population.

Voice from nowhere: She succeeded.

Teacher: Is that right?

Chidnofsky: Right.

Teacher: What's right?

Chid.: I don't know.

Pearl Cohen: I have a friend, a milliner, who works in a dairy.

Minna Ball: What does she do?

Pearl Cohen: She makes caps for bottles.

David Sobo: What two things are helping mankind to get up in the world?

Eleanor Kennedy: The alarm clock and the step-ladder.

MOVIE PORTRAIT OF SENIOR ON DAY OF HIS RECEIVING REPORT CARD



TEACHER ANNOUNCES
THAT CARDS ARE
TO BE GIVEN OUT.



GETS NERVOUS
WHILE TEACHER
CALLS OUT NAMES.



TEACHER FINALLY
CALLS HIS NAME.



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Howard Fischer: What was there about Margaret you didn't like?

Saul Weinert: Another fellow's arm.

Teacher: Suppose I went around this class and distributed five cents to everyone. Would you just look at it?

Smith: O no! I'd be surprised.

Frank Burstein is eating yeast for his health. That boy is bound to rise in this world.

Who put the work in homework?

Alibi Ike we may call Sabel,
Haase can be surnamed Sheik;
M. Inglis is the Flaming Youth,
B. Cohen looks like a Shriek.
Burstein is Sancho Panza,
Plain? He's just Plain B. T.;
B. Levy's our Radio Man,
But I'm clevah, you see.

The Seasons

In summer balmy breezes blow,
While autumn winds foretell the snow.
In winter, winds do warm us less,
What spring stands for, I cannot guess.



GETS CARD BUT
DOES NOT LOOK
AT IT.



SEES ONE
SIX-SURE FAILED!



TAKES ANOTHER
LOOK AND SEES CARD
IS UP-SIDE-DOWN.



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"Tis true that rabbits multiply rapidly but they're poor at algebra.

Some seniors get foolish. One ran down to the lunch room, changed a half dollar into pennies, went up to the chem. lab. and quicksilvered his pennies.

2 B: I've been expelled from school.

1 B: What for?

2 B: For good.

Teacher: Herman, how does the fish move?
Tillis (just getting up): Oh, he shakes his paws up and down.

Class treasurer take notice. Dues are being collected in Room 210 without any trouble or back talk. Fischer is the treasurer.

Winerman: I studied about Burns today.

O. Friedman: Really! Do you still take First Aid?



SEES CARD FULLY
AND SMILE'S BREAK
OVER HIS FACE



YEAH! PASSED
EVERYTHING!



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STARTS FLIRTING
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TIRES and TUBES

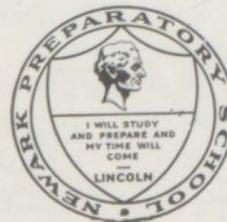
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Grit

(Continued from Page 12)

less to move, powerless to interfere but he managed to retain his consciousness. When he could he reached the side of the man and felt his heart. He was dead. Then he knelt before the wolf and gently raised his head upon his lap. Grit looked up into his master's eyes with a forlorn yet contented, look. He knew he had done his job and done it well and he saw in the face of Tom only sympathy and love. Upon Grit's face there was a look akin to a smile as he closed his eyes and breathed his last. Tom's shoulders heaved as a great sob escaped from his throat.

Outside the heavens opened with a great crash and poured down rain upon the earth. Even they wept for the loss of so great and loyal a friend.

Playing at America's Foremost Theaters

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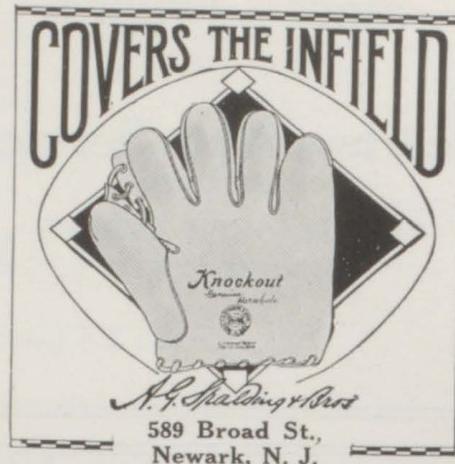
Mildred Werner in "Poppy".

Helen Walzer

Jacqueline Dolph } in "The Music Box Revue"
Gertrude Walsh }

"Little Jessie James," starring James Pappas.

"Rust," featuring Red Inglin.



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- Sensational Teddy Hare in "The Lady Killer."
- Everett Bauman—"The Show-off."
- Howard Fisher—"Beggar on Horseback."
- The Gem, Carl Kress, in "Moonlight."
- "Welded"—Seymour Emmerglick and The Optimist.
- Ruth Edge in "Rain."
- "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" featuring Nathan Chodenko.
- Charlotte Manshel in her own creation, "Charlotte's Revue of 1924."
- "The Outsider"—Newell Coe.
- Elwood Smith triumphs in "The Swan."
- "Kid Boots"—"Peanuts" Winerman.
- Norma Ayres in the musical comedy hit, "The Chiffon Girl."
- Gladys Easton in "Lollipop."
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Ming Sing

(Continued from Page 21)

father's bedside she heard him say, "Ming Sing, call your husband." Hai Lee came directly. Something seemed to stir the air, to tell of something evil.

"My children," Hop Sing said, "the time has come"—a pause, tears came to his eyes as he saw his daughter cry, "I am no longer young and before I pass into the land of my ancestors I must tell you,"—it seemed he could no longer speak, but panting for breath he said, "I killed Lee Lung." A moan and all was over.

From a 1B Exam

The place was taken by storm and thunder.
A wife is the upset of her husband.

When the form of the verb is changed it is called congregation.

Saul Weinert: You musn't be so excitable.
Learn to take things cool.

Leah Manhoff: All right, I'll take an ice cream soda—to begin with.

Melvin Bach: All is not gold that glitters.
David Sobo: Yes, class pins for instance.

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Charlotte Manshel discovered a new barber to cut her hair, who has his shop in an apartment house. Selma Schwarz asked her what his name was and Charlotte told her she wasn't sure but she thought it was Mr. Apts.

Office Clerk: That's the fifth time this week you're late.

Saul Weinert: I know it.

O. C.: But why does it happen? The last time you were late you told me that you set the alarm at 7 o'clock. Is that true?

S. W.: Yes, ma'm.

O. C.: But don't you hear the alarm?

S. W.: That's the trouble, the alarm goes off while I'm asleep.

Gussie Rauchbach: Why do girls leave their home?

Minna Ball: Because they can't take it along.

Geometry Teacher: I'm sorry, but I'll have to flunk you. Do you know why?

Red Stern: I haven't an idea.

G. T.: That's the reason.



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Gee But I Hate to Go Home Alone—Jeanette Goldfine.

Don't Waste Your Tears Over Me—Examinations.

I'm Thru—Class of June '24.

When We're Gone We Won't Forget You—South Side.

You Tell Her, I Stutter—Benjamin Cohen.
Lonesome Hours—Study Periods.

If I Knew You Then as I Know You Now—Board of Education.

Fate—How we reached graduation.

Vamp Me—Seymour Emmerglick.

I Wanna Be loved—Helen Greenblat.

I Wonder—Before Graduation.

Dumbbell—Frank Burstein.

Barney Google—Harry Aronowitz.

Deadshot Steve—Milton Haase.

Mama Loves Papa—Selma Schwarz and Jimmy Pappas.

Baby Blue Eyes—Beatrice Helfman.

The Twinkle in Your Eye—Teddy Hare.

Whoa Bobby Take Your Time—Bobby Whitehouse.

Sitting in a Corner—Jacqueline Dolph.

She Gave Me the Air—Mary Inglin.

How Beautiful I am—Pearl Cohn.

Handsome Phil—Philip Sabel.

Who Did You Fool After All—Cutting Classes.

Linger Awhile—Mabel Cohen and Norman Levy.

Seven or Eleven—Indoor Sports.

Who Loves You Most After All—Toots Friedfeld.

Dreamy Melody—Every song in assembly period.

Cutie—Gladys Easton.

Minding My Own Business (?)—Everett Baumann.

Old Gang of Mine—Jacob Goldberg, Isadore Kuskin, Morris Lubin, Isidore Hodes.

Every Day—Same Old Routine.

Dreaming of You—Diploma.

I Love You—Sally Rosewater (looking in a mirror).

Tomorrow—South Side's Promises.

Mr. Radio Man—William Gaekle.

Gasoway Ben—Irving Binetsky.

The Sheik—?

Crinoline Days—Way back in '20.

Teacher (during observation of the fish's brain): Everett, have you examined these brains?

Bauman: No, I didn't get mine yet.



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Teacher (after Hantman has given a perfect recitation on the external appearance of the fish): That's perfect. You haven't given me such a recitation in a long time. Did anyone help you?

Hantman: O no! I was looking at Tillis all the while.



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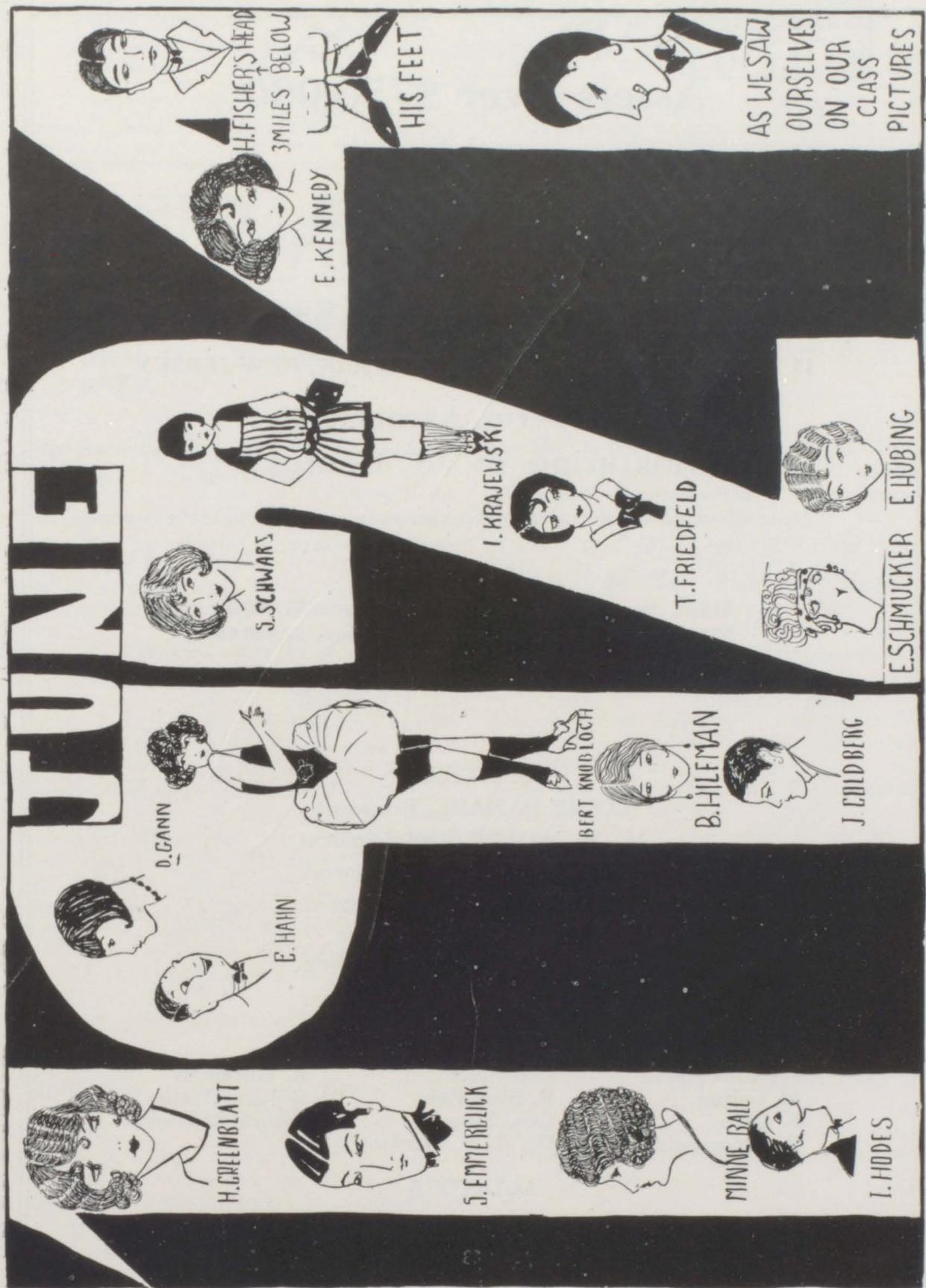
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SENATE COMMITTEE WILL BE APPOINTED TO INVESTIGATE WHY BUTTER MILK LEASES SHOULD NOT BE CANCELLED—SECRETARY DROP MAY BE ASKED TO RESIGN—ADMINISTRATION THREATENED.

Just Returned From China, Tells of His Experiences

Harrison, N. J.

H. Aronowitz, who has just returned from Bon Ton, China, where he was a representative of the Hop Som Yang Chow Chow Co., says that the country is more in need of good bootleg hop since prohibition than anything else.

Does Six Months, But Is Afraid to Go Home When Sentence Expires

Sing Sing, N. Y.

I. C. Plain, an inmate of Sing Sing Penitentiary, begged that he might be allowed to continue his stay here indefinitely. He stated that he was afraid to go home, because of the reception his wife, formerly Helen Greenblat, prominent suffraget, promised him. Altho his wife is a suffraget, Izzy claims she made him a suffer-yet. He believes in the saying, "Iron bars do not a prison make," and altho iron is much harder than wood, he much more prefers the bars to her rolling pins. Perhaps he is right. The authorities will consider the case after conferring with the wife, who seems to have quite a pull with them. Plain may be transferred to Overbrook.

Millionaire Philanthropist Gives Entire Business to Employees

Hamsandwich, Ariz.

Irving Binetsky, manufacturer and inventor of the Celluloid Frying Pan for Native Hindoos, formally gave his plant over to his employees at a meeting in the town emporium today. He says he will retire on the meager amount he has managed to save, as he does not wish to monopo-

(Continued on Column 1)

The Boil Is Now Coming to a Head—Both Parties Agree as to the Guilt of the Present Cabinet—The Sour Grapes Party Makes Excuses.

Hoboken, D. C., May 32 (BVD).

The senate has decided to appoint a committee to investigate Buttermilk Leases. The probable members will be Speaker Emmerglick, Ayres, Gottlieb and Spitz. Others may be chosen if these die, as the Limberger interests will have to be investigated.

Secretary Drop denies interest in this scandal, in spite of the fact that his wife, formerly Miss Brown, has a million dollar set of duds. He claims his salary as Secretary of the Exterior is responsible for this.

President Kahn will be questioned as to the source of the funds he gave for the foundation of an Old Ladies' Home for Retired Quarterbacks.

Cheesey, N. D., May 32 (SOL).

George Friedman, the head of the Limberger interests, was questioned as to the amount he paid to Drop and other members of the cabinet. He refused to say a thing about the matter. After a couple of hours of discussion, the reporters left without learning a thing. The controversy ought to be called the Nobody Home Controversy, since no one seems to know much when questioned.

Harrison-on-the-Passaic.

Oscar Friedman, the horse radish king, entertained his friend Eugene Buck, inventor of the

(Continued on Column 2)



(Continued from Column 1)

lize all the money the country possesses. Incidentally Binetsky is down to his last forty million. Last year he gave ten hundred thousand dollars for the education of ignorant Scandinavians in the gentle art of African Golf. Mr. Goldberg, fifth waste basket remover to the thirty-sixth assistant janitor, presented Mr. Binetsky with a platinum Ice Pick in token of the regard shown by the employees.

Lubin Stops MacDonald in the First

Kid Monkey MacDonald, paperweight champ of Overbrook, N. J., heard the birdies sing at the Hoboken Docks, when a terrific right, directed by Moisch Lubin, pin weight champ of Prince street, connected with Kid Monk's map. The fight lasted exactly 1½ seconds. Referee Callahan Holzman, ex-pug, said that if the Kid had pulled his face out of the way, the fight might have gone the limit. As a result Moisch is now the undisputed champion rag picker of Hoboken.

SOCIETY NOTES

Miss Ruth Edge, president of the Mugwump Ladies' Uplift Society, and head librarian of the town, states that only fifty-two out of the fifty-three books the town library possesses have not been returned in the past year. She thinks this is a good record. The title of the remaining book is "How to Make Mud Pies in Three Lessons," written by Elwood Smith.

Mrs. Levy (formerly Miss Mabel Cohen) was found in her kitchen as-salt-ing a herring. She claims that she is sure she did not hurt it, as it was dead when she got it. Nevertheless having been found with a dead fish (?) in her house and having been seen as-salt-ing it she will be held with bail on a charge of assault.

Mr. Isadore Plain and his wife, (we won't say who she is), have changed their residence. The wife claims that the children of the street would throw snow-balls and it would be dangerous to take her daily strolls. The husband claims that he was reading his paper when some one tried to hit him with a snow-ball. The wife says that the worst part of the situation is that the snow-ball hit the window instead and after the snow had melted, it left a mark on the window. She claims that she overworked herself after having cleaned one window and made her husband's supper all in one day.

Mr. Winerman has made a mark for himself. He has gone into business in Germany. Yes, it is true; he works in a mint.

(Continued on Column 1)

(Continued from Column 2)

non skid mouth wash for the lockjawed, at his estate at Harrison-on-the-Passaic. Among the notables present were Norman Levy, the Gold Brick King, Louis Menk, editor of the Daily Wow, and Norma Greenfield, well known camera contortionist. Her recent picture was the BLONDE VAMP, a three reeler.

World's Champion Beaten

Jack Dempsey the heavyweight champ of the world, was decisively beaten by T. Winerman, Editor of the Punkdale Daily Screech, in an exciting game of Mah Jong. Morris Lubin, the celebrated pin weight, refereed the contest.

Runners Stage a Spectacular Race

Jimmie Pappas, holder of the phonograph record for the standing still jump, ran a race with his shadow, at Hand-me-down, N. J. He lost by a hair when the sun was hidden by a cloud, and the shadow disappeared.

MUSICAL NOTES

(By T. W. W.)

The inmates of the Old Ladies' Home gave a musicale at Grammar Arcade in honor of Gertrude Tarchis, the new head. The leading event on the program was the Swan Song by Al M'Gluck. Among those present was Mr. T. Winerman, Editor of the Punkdale Daily Screech, and a firm backer of musical activities. The musicale was concluded by a series of three-hour speeches by Charlotte Manshel, Mabel Cohen, Thelma Friedfert, Sara Rosewater, Sophia Hutt and Pearl Cohen, all members of the home.

Dorothy Gann, celebrated Ink Slinger and poet laureate of Kalamazoo, announces the completion of a revised libretto for Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." Critics say that in spite of the fact that it is too mushy, it is, with the exception of the title, style, and nine hundred and ninety-nine of the thousand pages, very good.

Leah Loebel, of the Rube's Royal Midgets, entertained the Newark Chapter of the Royal Order of the Sacred Tooth Picks last night. She introduced a new instrument called the Insectophone, invented by her. She claims that it imitates the insects, some of which are too small to be seen by ordinary men. Science will have to investigate her claims. If what she says is true, music will take its place among the useful sciences of mankind. Miss Loebel narrowly missed being crushed to death during her investiga-

(Continued on Column 2)



THE OPTIMIST



LIBRARY

(Continued from Column 1)

The famous Miss D. Dorothy Gann has gone to Europe to have her voice cultivated. She claims that it does not know how to behave itself as it is too loud and rough for such a petite damsel.

Miss Bertha Knobloch, now Mrs. Louis Menk, won the Beauty Prize at the Hotel Mack-Alpine, New York. The prize was awarded after she had been chosen Queen of Beauties. She was picked while she still had her mask on and it is said that she never looked so beautiful as she did then.

The well-known artist Mlle. Helen Gottlieb has established a beauty parlor for exterior decorating. She will paint for the feminine type of girl only.

The well-known actress, Madame Thelma Friedfeld is now playing in "Cut and Get Away With It." It is said that she had much experience in such a role when she was still a student at South Side High School.

The city of Newark welcomes the new traffic cop, Mr. Nathan Cholodenko. He has experienced such a position in some country town and is now working in the city. As he does not like to be mean, by having traffic from one direction waiting for the other, he compromises and puts the signal post on a diagonal thus giving the drivers an opportunity to go both ways at once.



Fat Men!! Tall Men!! Skinny Men!! Small Men!!

Be strong! Able to defend yourself! What if your wife is an Amazon! We'll make a Hercules of you in two weeks. Insurance policy given with diploma. Iverson & Gaekle, Inc.

(Continued from Column 2)

tions among the insects, when she was listening to the call of the ants and a fly fell on her.

The Indigo Chasers, led by F. Burstein, Fa, La, Do, announce a complete reorganization of their band. Reasonable rates to cash customers. Guarantee to chase away those blues. Funerals a specialty. A little about the leader:

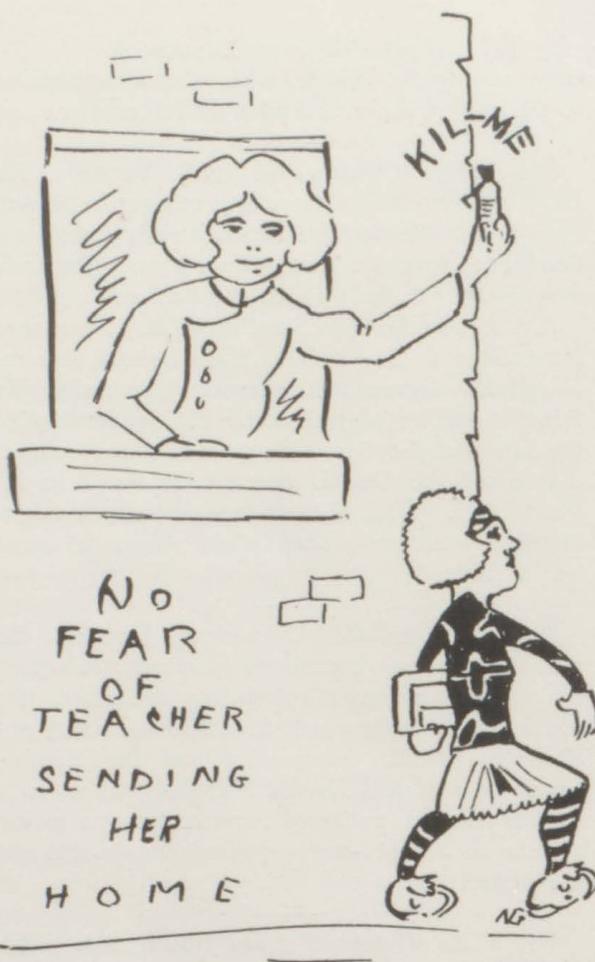
F. Burstein, born in Smallneck, N. J., prepared for college at South Side High School and received his degree at Chromatic University. In South Side, he played under the leadership of the late Mr. Gordon. He was also the concert master of the One B Harmonica Band in his senior year. With all that experience, you might imagine what an accomplished player he must be. I can't.

According to the Unmusical America, the casualty list for virtuoso opera singers this year has been very great, probably due, says the editor, to the unsympathetic audiences being excited by the Ku Klux Klan and the Herring riots. In one case, Harold Hantman, tenor, sang so low that the audience thought he was giving a three minute pre-war preparedness speech, and applauded violently.

The Girls' Gloom Club of South Side High gave a musicale in the auditorium of that school. The most noteworthy feature of the concert was the quiet bearing of the audience, who were all asleep. Only one thing disturbed the concert. One of the girls, namely Miss Rauchbach, climbed up to the top of the scale and then fell off, breaking her neck.



Avoid delays when death overtakes you—don't leave your family all the responsibilities. Make your funeral arrangements now. If not now, eventually, so why not now? Have your burial prompt and get a good seat on the golden stair. Remember! The early bird gets the worm. Sabel & Stern, local undertakers.



Miss Norma Greenfield, famous Screen Pest, says that Brescia's Elixir Tonic is a great human benefit. She puts all the credit for the hair-raising stunts, that she performs on the screen, to this wonderful tonic. Send for a trial size. You may be able to duplicate the screen pest's stunts and become one yourself. Van Moppes & Ball Bitter Pill Co., Chicago, N. Y.

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Young man, Sing Sing graduate, desires position as cashier in Pork and Beanery. Has had experience in lunch room. Will guarantee to hand in at least one-half of the day's profits. Herbert Knitter, 111 Beefsteak Road, Passaic, N. J.

Get that school girl complexion in five seconds! Use Reada's Rough Red Rouge. Good substitute for Ox Blood Shoe Polish. Siegler & Werner Beauty Emporium.



M. T. Bottle, retired bartender, desires a position as a milkman. Will put the necessary kick in the route.

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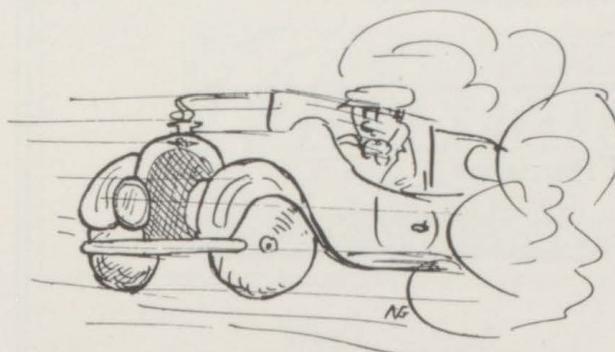


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For Sale—One Kentucky bred (of the plug species) alleged to be a horse. Age unknown (but owner will guarantee him foaled some time during present century). 15.3 feet high when

standing (which is not often) and inclined to be angular. (Harness will hang on him anywhere and at any angle.) Condition fair (far from overfed). Has nine ribs on each side (which can be seen without recourse to X-ray). Four legs (one of which is in fairly good shape). Two eyes, which are normal for a horse of his age. Teeth need some repairing and some replacements. Very docile and well trained. (Any lady with plenty of time and patience and an imperishable whip can manage him.) Can stand without hitching (which is about the best thing he does). Has not got mange. (Had it.) This offer should be taken up by a doctor, who would have no trouble in studying anatomy of said horse. Apply Whitehouse & Haase, 9 Plum Point Lane, near Dog Pond.



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arrived at the happy hour when she too selected the furniture for her home she followed her mother's wise way and bought equally as durable, good looking, and as fairly priced furniture here.

and You

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Why?

By Nathan Cholodenko

We are pleased to announce that this is the original of a popular song

Why did she send for me?

Why, Oh why, Oh why?

Why did I cut that class?

I could almost cry!

I'm sorry, so sorry, and sorry and blue,
And if her note did that, what would her actions do?

Ma says that I'm a wreck

I'll admit she's right,

Pa says he'll break my neck

He can't sleep at night.

And we're all upset and it's because

I ain't like I used to was.

Why did I cut that class?

Why, Oh why, Oh why?

First Student: Why did you sit in the peanut gallery when you saw Shakespeare's "Macbeth?"

Second Stude: So my English teacher would see me.

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ROOM 60, MR. HALLOCK

ROOM 209, MISS HOWE

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Sayings of Famous Poets

And still they gaz'd and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew.
Mabel Cohen.

In arguing, too, young Sabel owned his skill,
For even tho vanquished he could argue still.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Toots strikes the sight, but Helen wins the soul.

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?
I. Plain.

When Norman speaks what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Hare did not squeeze her hand.

A six years' darling of a pigmy size.
Tom Winerman.

I have spring fever twelve months each year.
Frank Grammer.

Laugh and grow fat.
Frank Burstein.

When you forget your lessons, just whistle.
Frank Fink.

Good things come in small packages.

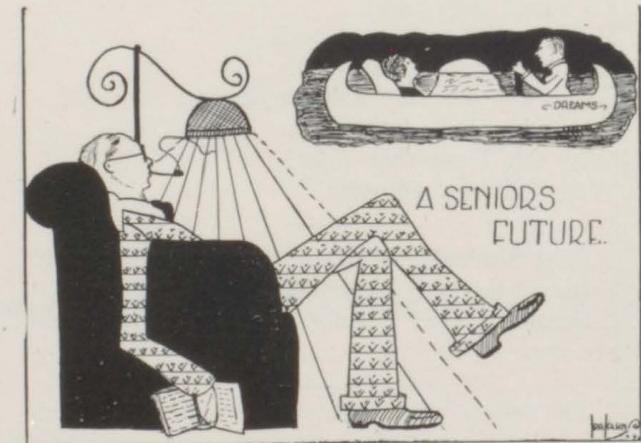
Dot Gann.

Einhorn alone of all my nuts is he,
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.

Many fives, sixes and sevens there lay,
But loads of zeros almost choked the way.

Our Cards.

Chem. class discussing plating metals.
Teacher: Anybody suggest something to plate?
Some Stude: Leff's gold tooth.





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Student: How did the History exams turn out?

Teacher: Fine; 88% of the students flunked.

A chemistry student was searching thru the chemistry bottles so despairingly that the teacher decided to offer his assistance.

"Something you can't find?"

"I can't find this Hydrant Water that's mentioned in the instructions."

"We draw the line at smoking,"
Said the teacher with accents fine,
But they were football players
And so they crossed the line.

Richard Nuffort: I want a dog that looks like a greyhound, only his tail is a little shorter and his body fatter and his nose flatter. Do you keep such dogs?

Dog Dealer: No, we drown 'em.

We know a teacher who is so absent-minded that one day in class he took out his watch to see if he had time to go home and get his watch which he left on his dresser.



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Teacher (to won bee): Willie close the window. Don't you know it's cold outside?

Willie: What! Will it make it any warmer outside if I close the window?

Menk (in English class): O she gets married in the next stanza.

Hantman: I wonder if the Ancient's Mariner.

A well known professor says that the length of one's feet denotes intelligence. If so Bauman is a prodigy?

Teacher (in chemistry): I just finished telling you the process and now you repeat altogether differently.

Bauman: You must have made a mistake.

Menk (giving a definition of metallurgy): Metallurgy is the process of urging a metal from its ore.

Teacher: Where are Einhorn and Hahn?

Stude: In the Zoo Room.

Teacher: So they were caught, weren't they?

Hantman: What did she call me?

J. Korany: Nothing.

"I've got to cram for my history exam tonight."

"Why don't you get H. G. Wells' Outline of History and get the whole thing in a nut-shell?"

Heard in Assembly: And 'twas from Aunt Jemima's pancake party I was seeing Nellie home.

When? (Senior's Cry)

Words by Nat Cholodenko, G. Chidnafsky
Apologies to Composers

When will the teachers pass me thru?
School life's a blunder. Oftimes I wonder
When will I make my adieux
And graduate right straight thru, tell me, do?
Why must I work when other students play?
I'd love to get outside some day
I'm going to work this term and then I'll know—
When will the teachers pass me thru?

French Teacher: Please continue your translation.

Fair Miss: Is that next word "sweetness"?
Teacher: Yes, sweetness, go on.

To the Personal Board

Gather your personals while you may
Old Time is still a-flying
And the jokes that make us laugh today
Tomorrow may set us crying.



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You feel like going at top speed; you feel like hitting it up all day long; you get things done—when you wear the Arch Preserver Shoe. It puts spring in your step; gives you the old hustle thrill. It takes a real "go-getter" about five seconds to buy this shoe when he sees it. Come in.

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Saved by the Bell

By Harold Hantman

I'm sitting in my Latin room
Watching the bright red sun.
School work doesn't bother me
So I haven't any done.

Somehow today I don't feel well,
The period's kind o' long,
And I know if I recite
I know I'll get it wrong.

Eight minutes more. Wow!
I'm surely laying low,
In order that the prof don't find
How little I do know.

Six minutes more. I'm sick,
My throat is gulping hard.
If I recite today I'll get
A six on my next card.

Some suspense I'll tell the world
Awaiting the fatal sign.
At last the teacher looks at me,
"Smith start at line——"

Just then he stopped and closed his book,
And the reason I will tell.
For at that time loud rings were heard,
I was saved by the bell!!!!

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Exams
(Apology to Poe)
By Selma Schwarz
Thank Heaven! the crisis
The danger is past,
And the lingering "illness"
'Tis over at last—
The fever called "Exams"
'Tis conquered at last.

Sadly I know,
I am shorn of my strength,
No muscle I move
As I ponder at length
Of mistakes which I made
As I wrote with such strength!

And I rest compos'dly,
Now, in my seat,
That any beholder
Here in the heat
Might take me for dead
For those French verbs, of course
Had gone to my head!

The moaning and groaning
The sighing and sobbing
With pupils bemoaning
The mind that keeps bobbing
Such muddled up thoughts.

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And Oh! of all tortures
That torture the worst,
The thirsting for knowledge
Until your minds burst,
And then to forget it!

But my heart 'tis brighter
Than the hearts of some students
For I held knowledge tighter
Which was due to my prudence
And now I have passed.

Teacher (after a student's brilliant recitation):
Now I want you to remember that when I ask
you next term.

Helen swears that she was never kissed by
any man.

That's enough to make any girl swear.

Saul Weinert: Your overcoat is so short.
Howard Fischer: Can I help it if I grow an
inch a day?

Heard in Latin

The blue waves rolled over the broad shores
of entire Italy.
He pushed back his raven locks from his
shaved scalp.



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